JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 10, 1927 Vol. XLII. No. 1108

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

"JOHN BULL" PAYS
£250 INSURANCE BENEFIT.
SEE PAGE 2.

She's always getting cut
—but NEVER A SCAR thanks to Germolene

THE GERMOLENE TREATMENTS BOOK, free with every tin, tells you what to do for

ECZEMA
ULCERS
PILES
CUTS
BURNS
BAD LEG
SUNBURN
Etc., Etc.

Germolene is made and guaranteed by the Veno Drug Co. (1925) Ltd., Manchester.

It is a wise habit, and a growing one, to apply a touch of Germolene to all skin wounds and burns. A habit which has saved many precious lives, and warded-off disfiguring scars times without number.

The curative power of Germolene is astonishing. Much is asked of it sometimes. Cases of eczema and ulcers of 15 to 20 years standing, have yielded when a score of treatments failed.

Save unnecessary suffering. Instead of a last resort, make Germolene your *first* aid. Remember to buy a tin.

Scalded with Boiling Fat

Miss Betty Whitehead, of Moss Side Farm, Parr, St. Helens, writes:—"Thanks to Germolene for a speedy and painless cure. Four weeks ago, I was scalded with a pan of boiling fat, from the knee to the heel. I have worked all the time, and Germolene has absolutely cured."

Tested JB

Germolene

Aseptic Skin Dressing 1/3 and 3/-

JOHN BULL PAYS £250

BATHING TRAGEDY

David FORRET, 10, Whitehall St., DUNDEE, a registered reader, was drowned whilst bathing at West Bay. He attempted to swim out to a raft, was heard to shout, "I can't do it," threw up his hands and went under. All attempts to resuscitate him failed. His wife receives a cheque for £250 under "John Bull's" Free Insurance.

We publish the names of a few only of other readers who receive benefits this week:

FIRE UP TO £400

HULL.—Mr. WM. TURNER, 94, Selby Street.
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.—Mr. W. LEARY, 14, Garden Walk, Hurst Brook.
WOOD GREEN, N.22.—Mr. A. SALTER, 13, Brook Road.
PONTYPRIDD.—Mr. A. COLEY, 27, Jenkins Street, Hopkinstown.
LOUTH, LINCS.—Mrs. R. SHARPIN, 11, Aswell Street.
NEW TREDEGAR, MON.—W. WILLIAMS, Junr., 25, Station Road, Tirphil.
NEWTON ST. FAITHS, Nr. NORWICH, NORFOLK.—Mrs. C. DACK.
POPLAR, E.14.—Mrs. A. THOMAS, 37, Railway Street.
OLD HILL, STAFFS.—Mr. C. WYATT, 11, Lawrence Lane.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. JANE HAIR, 414, Duke Street, Denn stoun.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. W. WHITTALL, 2, Back 507, Lichfield Road, Aston.
ROCHESTER.—Mrs. E. M. COLTRIP, Pond Cottage, St. Mary's, Hoo.
FLEETWOOD, LANCS.—Mr. THOMAS BUTLER, 20, Blakiston Street.
GLASGOW.—Mr. ANDREW AIRNES, 12, Ross Street.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. J. McBRIDE, Carriage Avenue, Clydebank.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. D. PRECIOUS, 43, Clifton Street, Carbrook.
DONCASTER.—Mr. W. H. PRINO, 51, Avenue Road, Askern.
ENYGRAIG, RHONDDA VALLEY, GLAM.—Mr. THOMAS EVANS, 44, Amos Hill.
PENYGRAIG, RHONDDA.—Mr. E. McKELVIE, 50, Greenmeadow St.
ALLENTON, DERBY.—Mr. C. J. WERRITY, 5, Allen Street.

STORM! FLOODS! UP TO £300

SWANSEA.—Mr. J. A. McKAY, 85, Manor Road, Mansrton.
MOUNTAIN ASH, GLAM.—Mrs. D. OWEN, 1, Aberpennar Street.
NEATH, GLAM.—Mr. W. E. S. GORMAN, 18, Mile End Row.
OLDBURY, Nr. BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. WM. STANLEY, 3, Brades Row, Rounds Green.
OLDBURY, Nr. BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. E. TUCKER, 85, Park Lane.
OLDBURY, Nr. BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. H. GRIFFITHS, 3, Manchester Street.
BRISTOL.—Mr. E. E. BEVAN, 47, Raleigh Road, Southville.
BRISTOL.—Mr. H. R. WARMINGTON, 25, Stackpool Road, Southville.
BRISTOL.—Mr. W. G. FACEY, 18, Lapiatt Road, Redfield.
BRISTOL.—Mr. S. G. SHORT, 10, Cowper Road, Redland.

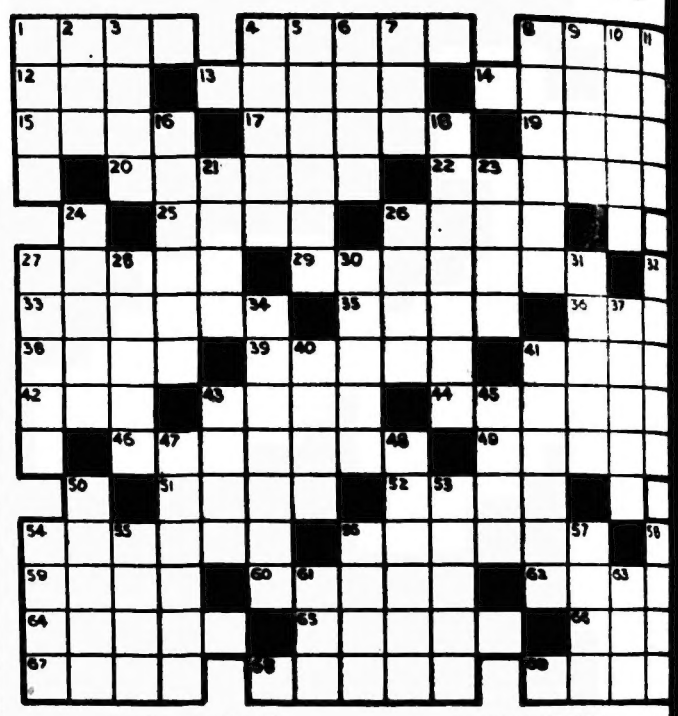
ACCIDENT BENEFITS £3 PER WEEK

MARKET HARBORO.—Mrs. M. H. WATSON, Lubenham.
WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—Mrs. L. STARK, 40, Alma Street.
LEIGH, LANCS.—Mrs. J. HALLWORTH, 5, South Avenue.
HULL.—Mrs. M. COCKHILL, 84, St. Marks Street.
CREWE.—Mrs. E. HOUGH, 45, Maxwell Street.
COWDENBEATH, N.B.—Mrs. E. M. SINCLAIR, 172, Foulford Road, Kirkford.
TREDEGAR, MON.—Mrs. E. A. KELLY, 1, Bourneville Terrace.
BIRKENHEAD.—Mrs. E. OWENS, 1, Belgrave Terrace.
FEATHERSTONE, Nr. PONTEFRACT, YORKS.—Mrs. A. HAYES, 22, George Street.
BARNSLEY.—Mrs. M. BARKESS, 62, Colley Crescent, Kendray, Stairfoot.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. M. H. ANDERSON, 62, Bertram Street.
READING.—Mrs. E. E. JOHNSON, 7, South Street, Caversham.
BRISTOL.—Mrs. E. E. GREGORY, 15, Hughenden Road, Horfield.
BALLS POND ROAD, N.1.—Mrs. F. J. BUSS, 32, King Henry's Walk.
LONDON, N.W.6.—Mrs. A. PETERS, 68, Dynham Road.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been forwarded to the newsagents concerned.

Our Cross-Word Corner

Use Your Brains!



CLUES ACROSS.

1. Male of the deer.
4. Entertain.
8. Support.
12. Well-known timber tree.
13. Big.
14. To roar.
15. Stratum of metal.
17. To put in.
19. Largest continent.
20. Strain of censure.
22. Somewhat.
25. Character.
26. Female of the horse.
27. Leather strip.
29. Wandering.
33. African camp.
35. The American lion.
36. Liable.
38. Otherwise.
39. A Roman magistrate.
41. Unadulterated.
42. Extend.
43. Overt.
44. Bigger.
46. Degraded.
49. Duck-like animals.
51. A domino.
52. Ridge of rocks.
54. A Little wave.
58. Girl.
59. Egg-shaped.
60. A fleshy fruit.
62. To be wild.
64. Pulpy fruit.
65. To correct.
66. Relatives.
67. Plunder.
68. Green turf.
69. Come together.

CLUES DOWN

1. Counterfeit.
2. Employ.
3. Converse.
4. Test.
5. To give up.
6. Comfort.
7. Consumed.
8. Small printing press.
9. Hasty.
10. Projecting window.
11. A fruit.
16. A reflection.
18. A fishing net.
21. Thick twisted cord.
23. Melody.
24. Stem of a plant.
26. To bruise.
27. Glossy.
28. Demolished.
30. To suppose.
31. Estimate.
32. French solid measure.
34. Slept.
37. Printing machine.
40. Writer's table.
41. To choose.
43. Precious stone.
45. Centuries.
47. To occupy the time.
48. Tradesman in cloth.
50. Big stream.
53. To alter.
54. Noisy frolic.
55. Wan.
56. Former Russian parliament.
57. Deep red colour.
58. Portable shelter.
61. Uncooked.
63. Competes.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on page 33

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....Age.....
in full. (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Reader's Signature .....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date..... .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 10/9/27.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date..... .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 10/9/27.

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/6 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 6d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

John Bull's Wonderful Pen Offer!

"More than pleased. Really worth half a guinea." M. W. Hales, 4, Swinburne Gardens, Tilbury.

The "John Bull" Pen fitted with 14 ct. Solid Gold Nib iridium tip worth 15/-
2/6" Everpointed" Pencil with refills FREE 2/6
TOTAL VALUE 17/6

You send Six Coupons and P.O. for 4/- (plus 3d. postage and insurance) 4/-

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.
Name engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra.

YOU SAVE 13/6

2/6 EVERPOINTED PENCIL FREE

Why not be a Salesman?

Earn good pay, and travel in comfort!

THE work of a Travelling Salesman is an interesting out-in-the-open job—without pettifogging supervision. He is free to use his own initiative as a *real man*.

And the interesting part is that the amount of oney he receives is actually controlled by himself. He does not have to "ask for a rise"—has only to do more business to get more money the end of the week.

If you are tired of routine work, here is the mediate chance for you to pull yourself out of rut. If you have backbone and grit, join up th Wallace Attwood.

Many Attwood-trained men are now earning eir £400, £500 and even up to four figures p.a. e bulk of these men had just an ordinary educan and usual commonplace experience, to which y added a Wallace Attwood postal Course of lesmanship in their spare time. However, they had grit and backbone; and that is all we ask m any Student. If you have that, Wallace twood will do the rest.

Send attached coupon, or postcard, for free book, The Profession of Salesmanship," to—

Wallace Attwood College

(Dept. 122),

6, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE undertakes to :—

1. Give you the most complete postal training in Salesmanship, including Practical Demonstrations.
2. Train you to sell your services, and introduce you to salaried positions with firms of repute, as Travelling Salesman (*not* shop assistant).
3. Ensure your success during your first three weeks "on the road" by special manuals and advice.

The service we offer you is the result of training 20,000 people for business.

FILL IN AND POST TO-DAY

THE WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE
36, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

Please send me free, your 64-page illustrated book, "The Profession of Salesmanship."

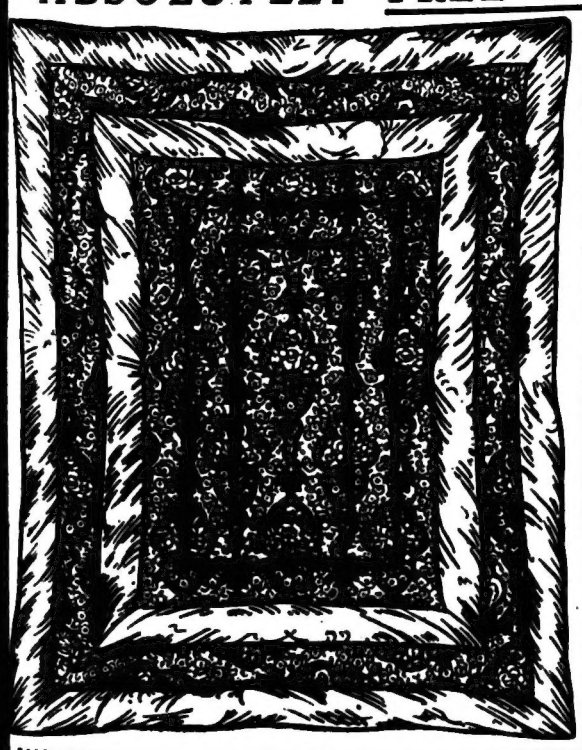
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Please write in pencil _____ 122

A WONDERFUL OFFER

THIS SPLENDID ART DOWN QUILT GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE.



In order to introduce their Speciality Down Quilts into every home, THE CENTRAL SUPPLY STORES are making an extraordinary advertising offer, whereby any reader of "John Bull" may obtain this Double-Bed size ART DOWN QUILT FREE. Every home requires quilts in the coming winter, and this is the great opportunity. Send NOW for our offer of free ART DOWN QUILT and particulars of Speciality Quilts.

Fill up the Coupon and get our free gift offer by return of post.

The Coupon may be posted with ½d. stamp but the envelope must not be sealed or any letter enclosed.

"John Bull" (J.B.11). **COUPON.**

To THE CENTRAL SUPPLY STORES, 6, PALL MALL, MANCHESTER.

Sirs,—Please send me your offer of Free Art Down Quilt as advertised, and particulars of Speciality Quilts.

Name .....

Address .....

Nearest Railway Station .....

THE CENTRAL SUPPLY STORES, 6, PALL MALL, MANCHESTER.

RAIN, COLDS, FLU

ASPRO WON'T STOP THE RAIN BUT IT WILL STOP COLDS AND INFLUENZA IN ONE NIGHT

Rain, changeable weather, Colds, 'Flu, Feverishness, all go together. But there is one thorough, efficient and quick method of dispelling 'Flu, Colds and Feverishness. That method is ASPRO. Two or three ASPRO tablets with a hot-lemon drink will smash up a 'Flu attack in one night. You can do without the lemon-drink if you wish. ASPRO was deemed of such importance during the influenza epidemic when it visited Australia that Federal Parliament declared it a necessary commodity. ASPRO loosens a cold—does away with the weak, tired feeling. Reduces feverishness in 5 minutes; in fact, it's the quickest in action and the safest remedy known.

Practical Proof from Kent

30, Hythe Street,
DARTFORD, KENT.

Dear Sir,

I now take pleasure in writing these few lines telling you about your ASPRO Tablets. I had an attack of influenza last week and was so bad I really did not know what to take for the best until I was looking through a daily newspaper and I saw an advertisement about ASPRO for the 'Flu. Well, I thought I would try a 1/3 packet and I did. Do you know they stopped the 'Flu in less than 24 hours. Now I am quite fit and well again, and I must say this, that ASPRO Tablets were the only thing that did it. They are a most wonderful pick-me-up, and now that they have done me good I shall insist upon taking them always.

(Signed) F. L. HODGE.

P.S.—I shall recommend them to everyone.

MORE 'FLU FACTS

Wards Off Influenza P. A. Smiley states: "Highly delighted to inform you that ASPRO always staves off Influenza attacks." Wishes us success.

Influenza Stopped Mrs. F. P. writes to say that a doctor told her that ASPRO would shift 'Flu out in 24 hours and she proved that he was right. Never tired of telling her friends about it.

Feverishness Vanishes Mrs. L. B., writes: "Had terrific headaches and temperature. Felt giddy and aching. Sent for ASPRO and took three doses—result: temperature normal and headache gone."

Sciatica Conquered C. Freeman suffered terribly from sciatica. Couldn't get relief until he tried ASPRO Now has no further trouble.

You Can Safely Give ASPRO To Children

ASPRO consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

ASPRO BRINGS DEFINITE RELIEF IN 5 TO 10 MINUTES FOR

6d. Per Packet

HEADACHE
NEURALGIA
RHEUMATISM
SLEEPLESSNESS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
ALCOHOLIC
AFTER-EFFECTS
INFLUENZA
COLDS
NEURITIS
GOUT
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
NERVE SHOCK

1/3 Per Packet

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

Agents : **GOLLIN & CO. Pty. Ltd. (Aspro Dept.), SLOUGH, BUCKS.**

Telephone: Slough 608.

TESTED JB

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

WHEN SENDING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL

THE MAIL ORDER MARKET

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain Hunters

PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

and have the smartest one possible made in the new 1927 cloth that always looks and wears well. Pay 7/6 down and balance monthly until you have paid in all **52/6**

These are not Ready-Made Suits altered to fit you, but EACH ONE IS CUT & MADE TO YOUR OWN MEASUREMENTS. Money refunded if not satisfied.

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns & Self-measurement Form.

Established 25 years.

J. B. THORNE & Co
36, LANGHAM ST, LONDON, W.1.

Ewbank

Send for free lists and particulars of easy payments.

MANGLES FROM **1/6** Weekly

You may now secure any Ewbank Model Mangle or Washing Machine on easy payment terms from 1/6 weekly. Ewbank products are World's Best and we can supply a Mangle, Wringing or Washing Machine suitable for Flat, Villa or Laundry.

Cash Prices from **£3:0:6**

THE BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY CYCLE CO. (Dept. J 9), SOUTHAMPTON.

Cork Lino

Catesbys Cork Lino combines beauty with durability, and quality at low cost. Never needs scrubbing. Hygienic. **FREE** Write to-day for pattern book of many wonderful and artistic designs, samples and prices to Dept. K.19,

Catesbys Ltd., (Dept. K.19), Tottenham Court Road, LONDON, W.1

WHY YOUR STOMACH GRUMBLES.

Your stomach "grumbles" because it tries to tell you it is out of order. Heed its warning, for although the trouble may not yet be serious, it is often the forerunner of severe gastritis and stomach ulcers. Nine times out of ten indigestion and allied stomach disorders are due to excess stomach acid, which impedes normal digestion and forms sour gases that cause intense pain. To restore good digestion you must eliminate this cause. Half a teaspoonful of 'Bisurated' Magnesia or a couple of the tablets taken in water after eating or when pain is felt will instantly neutralise the acidity and banish all digestive trouble and pain. Get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder or tablets to-day, for it not only brings instant relief, but by soothing, healing and strengthening your weak and disordered stomach 'Bisurated' Magnesia keeps your digestive system healthy and helps to prevent further disorders.

SPECIAL OFFER

for limited period only

72 SQ FT *for* **15/-**

THICKER THAN LINOLEUM.

Waterproof, Rotproof, and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete, or Wood Floors. Being stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. In rolls containing 72 square feet for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata.

All rolls are two yards wide. Send for free samples.

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS, 30, Carter Street, London, S.E.17.

PAROLEUM

2/- YOUR CHOICE OF THE BEST

WEEKLY

B.S.A., TRIUMPH, RUDGE-WHITWORTH, ARIEL, SWIFT, NEW HUDSON, ELSWICK, HERCULES, B. & O., &c.

Each fully guaranteed for 20 years. On 10 days' approval. Direct from makers' factory.

Packed free and Carriage paid.

Easy Payments arranged to suit you.

Cash Prices from £4:10:9

Send Now for FREE 1927 Lists

THE BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY CYCLE CO. (Dept. J 9) SOUTHAMPTON.

Daintiear

Worthy of the Occupant

SALE! During our Sale we are authorised by the makers to offer a limited number of genuine Dainticars at substantially reduced prices. This £5 5 0 model as illus. for

£2 . 19 . 6

(or 6/- monthly). Ribbed Cushion Tyres 10/6 extra. Numerous other models at similar reductions. *Send at once for illustrated list post free from*

VICTORIA CYCLE and CARRIAGE CO., Dept. P 158, 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1

CONSTIPATION RELIEVED QUICKLY

Carter's Little Liver Pills
Purely Vegetable Laxative

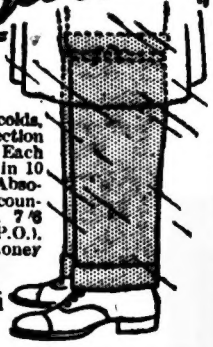
move the bowels without pain or unpleasant after-effects. They relieve the system of constipation poisons which cause that dull and aching feeling. Remember they are a doctor's prescription and can be given with the utmost confidence to every member of the family. All chemists, 1/3 and 3/- pkgs. The genuine bear the signature

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

TRYER IT PAYS FOR ITSELF

YOU can have the famous Lockstitch TRYER No. 60 Model, with all the latest automatic improvements, delivered CARRIAGE PAID on receipt of deposit. Cash price without cover 52/-, with cover £2 : 19 : 6. EASY TERMS—Without cover, 4/- deposit and 9 monthly instalments of 6/-; with cover, 5/- deposit and 9 monthly instalments of 6/6. This is the most wonderful Sewing Machine value ever offered. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send your deposit **NOW**, or call and see machine yourself. List of other **Big Bargains on Easy Terms Free.** TRYER & CO., LTD. (Dept. J.S. 42), 60-61, Chiswell Street, London, E.C.1.

Your Legs Can't Get Wet

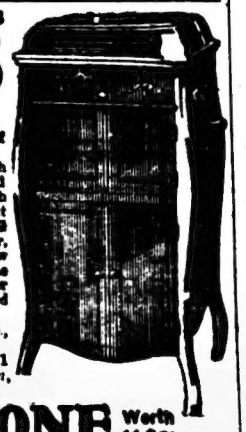


Carry "Two Shakes" Waterproof Leg Sleeves (Prov. Patent) in your "Mac" pocket and provide against dangerous colds, coughs, rheumatism. Leg protection from above knee to foot. Each "sleeve" 3 ounces. On or off in 10 seconds. Look like trousers. Absolute protection. For town and country, pedestrian and sportsman. 7/6 post free (crossed cheque or P.O.), state height. Satisfaction or money back.

RICHARD WHITE & CO., LTD. 6, Galen Place, New Oxford Street, London.
Trade inquiries invited.

BUY AT REDUCED PRICES

5.17.6



Carriage Paid U.K.
Or 11 monthly payments of 9/11 and £1.6.0 down.
Model 2A. Upright Grand with Mahogany lid and doors, and beautiful Mahogany finish throughout, as illustrated (but not inlaid). DOUBLE SPRING 3-record British "Collaro" Motor, improved sound box and new metal sound chamber. Full, fine tone & sweetness volume. Send for Free List of models, or call and hear them at
CABINET GRAMOPHONE CO., Dept. J.B.5, 78, Camden Road, London, N.W.1
Also 149, High St. (N), East Ham, and 41, George St., Croydon.

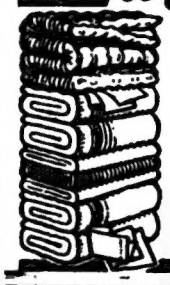
FULLOTONE Worth 11 Gns.

A WELL DEVELOPED FIGURE FOR YOU.

AN EASY WAY TO PUT ON FLESH

You can end thinness and develop your figure along its own natural lines in a few weeks by taking a five-grain tablet of Blood-Iron Phosphate after your meals. Nine times out of ten, thin weak people suffer with feeble nerves and impoverished blood, which prevents them attaining that robust health Nature intended for them. Blood-Iron Phosphate remedies this by supplying nerve-creating phosphate and blood-enriching iron, thus building up solid, healthy flesh, and strengthening the nerves in a remarkable way. Get a 3s. package of Blood-Iron Phosphate from your chemist to-day. It is guaranteed to satisfy you or you get your money back. Blood-Iron Phosphate is the world's greatest nerve and body builder, and will not only build you up but will make you healthier and stronger too.

2d. A Day is all you pay



For this **BARGAIN SALE of BEDDING:** 2 Superb Quality White Fleecy Blankets. 2 Coloured Fleecy Blankets, Blue or Pink. 2 Unbleached Twill Sheets. 1 Extra Quality Alhambra Quilt in various choice colours. 2 Pillow Cases. 1 White Bolster Case to match. All Splendid Quality. Double or Single Bed Size. Price 45/- Cash, or 2/- now and Balance by Easy Monthly Payments. LIST FREE. SELBY MFG. CO., LTD. (Dept. 315). 21a, Finsbury St., E.C.2.

KANSON BRITISH MADE VALVES

Every valve tested on actual broadcast and fully guaranteed.

TYPE	FILAMENT VOLTS	FILAMT. AMPS	
H.F. K406	3.5 to 4 Volts	.06	All Types 7/6 EACH Post Free
L.F. K406	3.5 to 4 Volts	.06	
H.F. K210	1.8 to 2 Volts	.1	
L.F. K210	1.8 to 2 Volts	.1	
H.F. K222	1.8 to 2 Volts	.22	
L.F. K222	1.8 to 2 Volts	.22	
H.F. K235	2 Volts	.35	
L.F. K235	2 Volts	.35	

KANSON & CO., LTD. (Dept. M.O.V.), Telephone: Waterloo 1165. Established 1913.
21, Waterloo Road, London, S.E.1.

COMPLETE WIRELESS for 33/6

Including TWO PAIRS of Headphones.

Send 3/6 Deposit, and we will send you a Super-Loud Crystal Set, complete with Dav. Coil, 2 Pairs of our Wonder 'Phones, and Aerial Equipment. If perfectly satisfied you complete purchase by sending 10 monthly payments of 3/-. PERFECT RECEPTION OBTAINED ON THIS SET. THOUSANDS IN USE.

3/6 DEPOSIT.

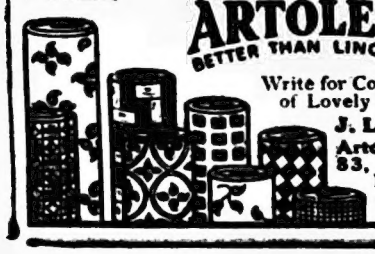
Dr. NESTER BRADYPHONES, 4000. Send 2/- Deposit.
Dr. NESTER DE LUXE LOUDSPEAKERS, 37/6. Send 2/- Deposit.
STERLING 2 V. LOUDSPEAKER SET complete £12 12s. Send 15/- Deposit.
Latest Catalogue Free, full of Bargains.
THE WIRELESS DISTRIBUTING CO., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), WIRELESS HOUSE, STOKE NEWINGTON, N.16.

81 SQ FT FLOOR-COVERING 15/-

—the cheapest and best floor-covering in the world, in rolls 2 yards wide. Rot-proof, damp-proof, hard wearing, easily cleaned.

SAMPLES FREE

ARTOLEUM BETTER THAN LINOLEUM



Write for Coloured List of Lovely Patterns.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

WHEN CURIOSITY LEADS TO VICE. A warning against ignorance and dangerous amorous experiments. See this week's "HEALTH & STRENGTH," 3d. All newsgts.

A BARGAIN STORE AT YOUR DOOR.—There is no "window show" in *John Bull's* "Mail Order Market." You get what is described—always, and the *John Bull* Guarantee of satisfaction or money back applies to every offer. Outstanding examples of value in this week's issue are the Ewbank Mangle and Cycles offered by the B. & C. Co., of Southampton. Both articles are supplied on the easiest of terms, and readers interested should send for full particulars. This week's "Mail Order Market" appears on page 4.

"Good as Gold"

So father says, when baby's in his bath; there are times when the little imp's behaviour leaves much to be desired—so dad thinks when he marches up and down at—but it's best to draw a veil. BLACK CAT CIGARETTES are always as "good as gold"—so father says, and he ought to know for he smokes them morning, noon and night. Here's a snap of the rascal—baby not father—in his tub—taken by dad with the Camera he got free for 175 coupons from BLACK CATS.

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Mr. Baldwin is on holiday. While his body rests his thoughts will be busy. If they turn to methods of translating his latest speeches to practical politics, the country, as well as he himself, will benefit.

So Far, so Good.

Nothing could be fairer than the Premier's utterances when he touches either world peace or home politics. The promise of benevolence flows through them all. But promises without performance are thin meat for unemployed workers.

The Condemnation.

No amount of fair talk can condone the lack of solid constructional effort. The workless army grows. The countryside is wasting, and foreign policy is as limp as a pricked balloon. "Nothing done and nothing doing" is the only fitting motto for the present Cabinet.

The Tragic Host.

Twenty-two thousand, two hundred and fifty more persons on the unemployment registers in one week, and still no move is made. A week's trial of dole subsistence by the Cabinet would bring a change about, and quickly.

On the Down Grade.

Viscount Cecil's resignation deprives the Cabinet of one of its few first-class men. There is small prospect of the second-raters, now in command, permitting anybody better than themselves to enter the charmed circle!

Creepy Creeps.

The big issue of world peace on which Cecil resigned exposes the root of the trouble. Lack of vision and lack of courage have crept over the Government like a paralysis.

For the Great-hearted.

Perpetual peace by the road of international justice and disarmament is the one tremendous thing most worth achieving in the world. It can't be done by poltroons and pettifoggers.

The Old Woman at Home.

Mr. Baldwin rightly tells the world of our people's splendid fight with economic difficulties. But as for the Government itself putting brains and enterprise into it—oh, no; that's not its business!

Waste of Power.

In our Parliament the Government directs the most powerful machine in the country—a highly expensive one, too. Yet for years past, with the nation carrying mountains on its back, this mighty engine has been given only small nuts to crack.

Of One Mind.

Miners' leaders and owners' representatives have met in a drawing-room to test new types of pit lamps. A common desire to make collieries safer is present. Why not a common desire to set the whole question of coal-mining on a businesslike, self-supporting basis?

The Lesser Evil.

Notices to 2,600 workers at Ryhope Colliery have been withdrawn, the piece-workers having agreed to accept lower rates. Half a loaf is better than no bread, but if coal-mining were put on a proper footing there'd be a whole one.

No Real Solvent.

A very big cut in wages, the biggest which has ever taken place, is announced from the Derbyshire coalfield. It may stave off catastrophe, but only for a short time.

We Are Glad.

After two years' idleness, Choppington High Pit, Northumberland, has opened with employment for 100 men and boys. That means a brighter outlook for a number of little homes.

To-day and To-morrow.

In Paris an album has been presented to Sir Austen Chamberlain to symbolise ties of friendship between France and Great Britain. Even stronger will be the ties when both countries unite to promote world peace by disarmament.

The Crying Need.

Latest census returns in one London district record 162 cases of from six to nine people living in one room. Decency isn't possible, and the only wonder is there are so few criminals as there are.

Lambeth Housing, Ltd.

Members of Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Free Churches, and Society of Friends have formed a company to replace slums with decent houses. Even the man in the street can understand Christianity of that type. It's practical.

The Awakening.

The attack of the Imperial Economic Committee on out-worn methods in the fish trade is hopeful. In sea-girt islands the neglect of ocean wealth is economic folly.

A Fishy Business.

Factory ships to fillet fish, prepare bone meal, oils and other fish products on the high seas are the recommendation of the Imperial Economic Committee. Purer food and lower prices should result.

In Deep Waters.

In Great Britain 50,000 men are permanently engaged in catching fish in deep waters, the value of their annual catch reaching £19,000,000. With up-to-date methods of marketing, preservation and canning, the number employed in fisheries might be doubled.

Bathing Tragedy
"John Bull" Pays £250
SEE PAGE 2

Making a Start.

Tenant farmers on the Coed Helen Estate, South Carnarvonshire, are having rents reduced to pre-war figures. What we want to see is food and clothing prices follow suit.

Always Harvest Somewhere.

Canada's wheat crop is good, but the price is ten cents a bushel higher than last year. What the price will be when flour reaches the loaf remains to be seen. It's the unholy gambling in wheat that keeps the price up.

British New Laid.

Mr. Robert J. Kelly has invented a scientific bag for the marketing of fresh eggs. The Ministry of Agriculture grumbles that the British farmer does not market "scientifically." Now the way is provided he must take it. It will pay.

The Death Toll.

In London 475 persons were killed during the first half of this year mostly while crossing roads. Carelessness is death's ally. It is not a crime peculiar to motorists.

Better News.

Analysts report real improvement in milk reaching Leeds from forty-two different farms in the Home Counties. It is exceptionally clean with no trace of tuberculosis. Stringent regulations, coupled with the spread of real education, are bound to tell.

Splendid!

Kiddies' toy tea-sets are now solemnly declared exempt from the safeguarding duties on pottery. For this relief in the nursery, much thanks. Or, does the Treasury mean to provide a laugh?

The New "Picnic."

Motorists allege that women are organising parties to "spend happy hours" watching for accidents at dangerous points on country hills. If true it's tragic. The greatest country will lose caste if its women lose compassion.

Educate! Educate!

Library vans, carrying as many as 2,000 books travel rural districts and help to brighten country life. There must be wide extension of such service. Education makes a prosperous nation.

£4 Stains.

That runaway slaves can be recaptured in the Sierra Leone Protectorate is a sad discovery. In any case a nation that paid £20,000,000 to free the West Indian slaves will not tolerate a few lingering stains on our flag.

Why Object.

The proposal to have at Geneva high-powered airplanes to carry mediators to any part of the globe threatened with war-clouds is being ridiculed as "an emergency corps of celestial errand boys." That's cheap wit, unless sane men really prefer sudden descents of celestial devil-death-dealers.

Good Judgment.

"We do not approve of traps being laid," was the stern rebuke of the Manchester magistrate dismissing a case of theft against an old woman who cleaned offices at London Road railway station. Nor do we. The person who put down a marked shilling was the real aggressor.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Deeds Better than Words.

We hope that Castle Donnington medical officer's report that twenty-six people are living in two small cottages in most unhealthy conditions will not go unchallenged. The case is one for immediate remedy.

Lost and Found.

A pearl necklace, valued at £560, lost by Mrs. Kelly, of Otley, Yorkshire, has been found and returned to her by a fourteen-year-old errand-boy. What a compliment is paid to those who brought up the lad. We are sure he will never regret his decision that honesty is the best policy.

Pretty Milk.

A new offence was found at Worcester when William Cutliffe, milk purveyor, was fined £1 for putting colouring matter into perfectly good milk to "make it look richer." The denials and explanations used in defence added no lustre to the case. There is no defence for trying to deceive the public about the quality of food.

Almost Incredible.

Thirteen poor little bairns and a wife depended for existence upon the earnings of a Manchester miner. And all his job yielded was a beggarly 18s. a week. Against their wishes the family has been forced into the paupers' line, and so have scores of others. When will statesmen raise their heads from the sands and act to avert a crisis ?

Stick At It !

It is a great pity that St. Faith's rural councillors have been obliged, on economical grounds, to cut out the provision for fixed baths in their subsidy houses. We hope they will not sit down under so serious a drawback. A necessity as great as that of a bath in every home should surely be the mother of inventing a way out.

Surmounting Obstacles.

What an honour for Charles Worsdale, who, though blind, not only cultivates his garden without help, but actually won the first prize for the best cultivated garden in Great Dalby. This should inspire us if anything could to prove as effectively as he, "Where there's a will there's a way."

The Sneak Thief.

The bicycle is the poor man's horse. Thomas Edgar West specialised in answering advertisements when machines were offered for sale and riding off on a trial spin from which he never returned to the owner. For twelve months West will take his exercise in a prison yard. His speciality in theft hit people who could ill afford to be robbed. A nasty trick.

Spartan Woman.

Determined to prevent two thieves from leaving a neighbour's house, Mrs. Kirsch, of East Finchley, grabbed at first one, then the other, and clung on though pounded till she felt herself losing consciousness. "I would do it again if I could rid the country of such men," she told the magistrate, who sentenced the offenders to two months' imprisonment. Such women are capable of giving many points in courage to some of the stronger sex.

A Widow's Gratitude.

Once a child whom her stepmother cruelly burned with a poker, the first of the long line of half a million children who have been cared for by the N.S.P.C.C., Mrs. Hook, of Islington, does not forget past kindness. Disdaining all payment beyond her earnings from selling fruit, for the past thirty years, she has adopted waifs, sometimes caring for as many as seven neglected bairns at once. As of old, what a lesson in gratitude and generosity is shown by this widow, who, in denying herself every luxury to clothe and feed others, literally has given away all that she had.

Idleness Not Preferred.

Although 18s. a week for a job lasting twelve hours spread over four days weekly is a scanty living, we regard it as a healthy sign that over 200 personal applications, in addition to many by post, were received for such work offered by a Preston employer. It should make those think who still believe that men prefer the "dole" to work and self-respect.

With Spade and Hoe.

By the efforts of thirty school-children a neglected, deserted corner, near Edward's Mews, W., has been turned into a brilliant patch of colour. Mrs. Elliot, the mistress who first thought of setting the young gardeners to work, is to be complimented on an idea which might flourish with advantage in all schools.

Driven to Despair.

But for the lucky advent of his wife, John Millson, a Rotherham miner, would have finished with earthly troubles. She discovered him lying on the hearthrug with a gas tube in his mouth; and he told the magistrates that he was weary of walking about looking for work. "I've tried everywhere. I should be happy if I could get a job," was his cry. Though it may be cowardly to leave a woman behind to fight alone, it is damnable that decent men should be driven to such extremity of despair.

Still Time.

"Now that I am caught I might as well own up. I had the notes and spent them!" With this burst of confession, William Frederick Cutting, aged sixteen, admitted to stealing a £1 note on three occasions from his employer, a head gardener who, he said, had been very kind to him. Now that he has made a clean breast of it and the Norwich magistrates have bound him over for two years, Cutting should struggle to pull himself together. "Never too late to mend" is a motto best adopted this side of prison.

The Human Machine

Man's Crime

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

A MAN'S mind is the moulder of his character. As the mind, so the man. Was not that why Paul exhorted his followers to "think on those things that are true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report?"

For a man in the end becomes that on which he thinks and ponders. You cannot continually "think good" without becoming good. You cannot for ever "think evil" without becoming evil.

Thought is the foundation on which character is built. There is no truer theory of Life.

We *are* what we *think*. Man is always free—even though he sits in a prison-house. We build the walls of our prisons ourselves. We can pull them down when we will.

> "Within yourselves deliverance must be sought,
> Each man his prison makes . . . .
> Ho! Ye who suffer! know
> Ye suffer from yourselves. None else compels."

The mind is a machine that each man can manipulate as he will. With it we can reach the stars—or grovel in the mud. "None else compels"—the choice is ours, and ours alone.

How much suffering is the result of sheer "thoughtlessness"? How many times do we hear the cry, "If I had only thought for a moment I would never have done that"?

"Thoughtlessness," is man's greatest crime, a crime against his self-respect. Man has no business to be thoughtless. In all creation he, and he alone, has the power of rational thought.

If only we would all consciously use that power, what a world we could make!

A Tavistock Rogue.

It is heaping up difficulties to send a man to prison for neglecting to maintain his wife and three children. Thus they are not only chargeable to the Guardians, but are likely to be so for some time. If Tavistock justices had set Thomas Pooley, marine store dealer, to work and docked him of the necessary profits, they would have done better than ordering him to three months' hard labour.

Who Will Rebuild ?

The picture of Nantyglo and Blaina, in Wales with works closed down, a dreary waste of colliery tips and dilapidated, overcrowded hovels, may well depress others beside the local health officer. But as many a devastated town in France and Belgium was built afresh after the war, so enterprise, co-operation and industry are needed if the dismal result of mismanagement in the past is to be made good.

Fished to Safety.

Hearing a shout Katie Gould ran from her play to see a small boy, Willie Pearce, struggling in deep water below high cliffs. She seized her father's rod and line, clambered down to the lowest edge and threw the line to the child with such success that the hook landed in his clothes. Shouting to him not to pull on it, she drew him gently to the rocks. A pretty creditable piece of angling for a girl of sixteen!

Repentance.

A ship's cook, Mark Harry Salfus, is unlikely to regret a decision that moved him to ask to make restitution for the theft from a Whitechapel jeweller, of a diamond ring valued at £19 10s. Salfus distinguished himself in the war by cutting the fuse of a dropped German bomb. We look on his being bound over for twelve months and his order to repay the money as part and parcel of that good which once in a man, will out.

Knew What He Wanted.

"I want to be a jockey, sir. Please find me a job." Thus a boy of fourteen bombarded the juvenile employment bureau, Cardiff, and has been handed over to a Newmarket trainer who affirms him to be "the boy for him." To know what one wants and head straight for it, is to our thinking the whole secret of getting on in life. We wish this Donoghue in embryo luck.

Ignorance No Excuse.

Everyone, milk vendors above all, should know that milk sold in bottles must be bottled at the dairy and delivered sealed to the consumer. Mary Spillaine's, of Old Trafford, excuse of ignorance of the order, when charged with washing her bottles in dirty water in the cart before filling them with milk, is no advertisement for her creamery. She is lucky to have escaped this time with a fine of 10s.

Handicapped for Life.

It seems incredible that Andrew Milano, a boy who had just left school should have been allowed to operate a sausage-making machine driven by a gas-engine. The result might have been foreseen. Through some slight slip the poor lad's hand was cut right off. Inexperienced boys should not be allowed to take such risks.

The Meanest Theft.

More in sorrow than in anger officials of the Orphan Fund of the N.U.R. rebuke railwaymen who pilfer from packages in transit. Happily such robberies are not very common, but the man who stole pencils intended for sale on behalf of N.U.R. orphans must have an uneasy conscience. He has robbed just so many fatherless bairns of what the pencils were intended to fetch.

The Cigarette Beast.

One of the luckiest men in Hull is Albert Bulman. He accosted a girl of fifteen at a fair, asked her if she smoked and then thrust a lighted cigarette down her dress, burning her chest. One would have thought that the cat would have been used to teach this brute respect for girls, but he was merely ordered to pay costs and a fine of 42s. We wonder that he was not handed a box of cigarettes in case his feelings had been hurt.

Famous Ophthalmic Optician."

Another "sight specialist"—Mr. Frederick Howard—is touring in the neighbourhood of Winchester. Mr. Howard, in a flamboyant leaflet, wishes to warn people against "bogus eye specialists." So do we. Fully qualified oculists establish their practice at a permanent address and do not advertise.

Brute.

Whilst dangerously driving a motor cycle along a Darlington road, Sergeant-Major Sydney Clarke, of Catterick Camp, bowled over a boy cyclist. One who was a man, as well as a soldier, would have pulled up and rendered help. Clarke did neither. He gave one glance at the unconscious child, and rode away. Conduct, the presiding magistrate said, which was both callous and brutal. We agree—and he was lucky to escape with a £10 fine.

Beware of Tigers.

"The next time you want adventure, go to the Zoo and get into the tigers' cage. It will be safer than getting into the hands of money-lenders." This remark of Mr. Cairns, the Thames Police Court magistrate, might well be remembered by everyone who is trembling on the border line of applying for a loan. Our advice is that of Mr. Punch, "Don't."

Man Proposes.

"I will marry her and undertake to keep her straight if she is bound over," pleaded Wilfred Henry Hatcher, of Bath, when Nellie Andrews, of East Twickenham, was charged with theft from houses in which she had been a domestic servant. Owing to a previous conviction, a twelve months' sentence of imprisonment was imposed. Nellie has two adolescent sons and Hatcher to pay her debts. We hope that Hatcher will not fail her now and they will one day start a new life together.

Goole "Justice."

Tired after a vain search for work, Tom Page went to sleep in a cab. For this offence he was brought before the Goole magistrates and sentenced to *three months'* imprisonment! Before the same Bench, Tom Hawksworth pleaded guilty to stealing a purse containing £6 19s. 6d. from the perambulator of a woman acquaintance. His sentence—bound over for twelve months and ordered to pay costs. Why not hang Page, and offer Hawksworth a knighthood?

Two Months—Four Fatalities.

When four fatal accidents happen in the same shaft and through the same cause in the space of two months, it is time that the managers of the Heiros Colliery, Wrntarw, Pencoed, were compelled to adopt the provisions of the Coal Mines Act, and use flaps to cover holes when a plank is raised in a shaft. Windsor Richards (thirty), the latest martyr to speed or economy should be the last in this area.

The House that Jerry Built.

Birmingham has been patting itself on the back about the number of municipal houses built, but residents of some of them are scratching their heads over the chimneys. The only way to sweep the chimneys is to go on the roof like Tarzan and push a brush down. Unfortunately this method sometimes brings the chimney with it. The architect of these houses ought to be made to sweep the chimneys. It would teach him his job.

Hard Hearts at Hull.

A Hull constable appears to have been over zealous in the performance of his duty when he served a summons on Albert Morton, of Gloucester Place, Hull, a deaf and dumb fruit hawker. When the afflicted man tried to give evidence in court some of the spectators were cruel enough to laugh. Morton was covering his wares from the seeming rain, but in the eyes of the law his offence was "obstruction with a hand cart." The Bench sympathised, but fined him five shillings. It seems a pity the Bench did not allow their sympathy to take a more practical form.

Emigration Again!

It will come as news to many that Australia House could send 100,000 emigrants to Australia each year, but cannot do so owing to the indefinite policy of the Australian Government. Mr. L. Shepherd, official secretary to the High Commissioner in London, states that enormous sums are being wasted in selecting emigrants who are notified at the last minute that they cannot be "placed." We would strongly advise intending emigrants not to sell up home or business until their passage is booked on the steamer.

Colourful Collectors.

A Dover reader complains that he has been bombarded with yellow, pink and blue "Frighteners" by the International Commercial Accountancy Offices, of Crown Chambers, Regent Street, S.W.1, in respect of a debt of which he knows nothing. As the concern in question is one of the many ramifications of L. A. Spikesman, the fee-snatcher, our reader would be well advised to ignore the circulars completely.

Sales-letter Mongers.

Two gentlemen seeking employment have been favoured with epistles from individuals offering to construct "sales-letters" for them to meet their requirements. P. Nicholson, of London Road, Godmanchester, Hunts, wants 5s. down, while F. A. Kemp, of Packington Street, N.1, will do the job for 2s. 6d. Both, however, couch their epistles in suspiciously similar terms, a fact which suggests that they are graduates of the same home-employment school, and are now putting into practice one of the wonderful "money-making plans" therein taught.

The Old Story.

Although the noteheading of the Wallis-Beardmore Trading Company, of St. Nicholas Street, Bristol, bears the inscription "Fancy Goods Dealers," its main endeavour seems to be to dispose of "working instruction outfits" at 2s. 6d. a time to home-employment enthusiasts who answer its announcements. "Merely as a guarantee of good faith" is the hackneyed phrase employed to justify its methods, yet its long circular letter is remarkably vague as to the exact nature of the proposition. Why should job-seekers be expected to send fees in advance for a pig-in-a-poke?

Is It a Side-line?

Frederick Ward and Co., of Minster-on-Sea and Hatton Garden, London, is an unusual institution. "Manufacturers' Jobber" one reads at the head of its notepaper, which also informs us that the concern caters for market men and pays top prices for field glasses. Yet in a four-page circular letter, just sent out, it offers a racing system, which it describes as "marvelous." A gentleman who sent 10s. states that he is still waiting for a reply, which seems to suggest that Frederick Ward and Co. would do better to stick to its professed activities.

"Easy Homework" Catch.

In an advertisement, B. G. Johnson, of 89, New Oxford Street, London, offers a method of earning £2 weekly by easy homework. A circular received from W. F. Johnson states that full details will be sent on receipt of 2s. The "full details" are nothing more than ordinary prescriptions for toilet preparations, one of which is "Wavene" which will "turn the straightest hair into a mass of soft curls." The agent advertises Wavene for 1s. 6d., deducts 9d. from all replies, then posts the name and address to Madame Rene, who uses the same address as Johnson, and she despatches the hair curler—a most ingenious method of making "easy money."

2 "BULLETS" FIRSTS OF £1,000
Record Twin Offer on Page 34

Problems of Life

Pain and Perception

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A FRIEND of mine, a member of the medical profession, is an intent scrutineer of human life.

He himself is a more than ordinarily interesting character—to me at any rate.

John Buchan, M.P.

Owing to change of residence, I lost touch with him for about fifteen years, and now that we meet each other again occasionally, I am struck with the change in him.

He used to take me with consuming seriousness, was a great righter of wrongs and champion of forlorn hopes, boiled with anger at the inequalities of human lot.

He is much more equable now. There is a twinkle in his eye; he has a kindly tolerance for his fellow man that formerly he seemed incapable of; and without ceasing to do good service to his neighbours he is not in such a hurry to alter everything.

It is only fair to state that he says exactly the same about me.

WE fell to arguing the other day about his views of twenty years back, and I said: "Who is the under-dog now?"

He answered gravely: "We are all under-dogs. Noting my fellow-creatures with a sympathetic eye I have come to the conclusion that suffering is fairly evenly distributed, and that we all have to go through the furnace sooner or later."

Granted that everyone has a bitter cup to drink at some period in life, I am yet unable to believe that the draught is as great in quantity for one as another.

Some lives are seamed with tragedy drear and hopeless: others are never called on to know more than minor annoyances.

There are fine and sensitive natures which can share the sorrows of a loved one as though they were their own; and there are hard, shallow, pleasure-loving souls that care nothing for what anyone endures so long as they themselves are not inconvenienced.

I CANNOT believe that people of the latter sort have ever suffered much. Perhaps they would be the better for suffering a little more.

Lack of imagination is at the bottom of most of the cruelties people inflict on each other.

How well John Buchan brings this out in his latest book, "Witch Wood!" He has wonderful insight into the human heart conjoined to great literary power. He shows us people torturing each other through sheer stupidity and coward fear.

Are we not all guilty of this?

We hurt because we do not understand. Malice is the spawn of mistrust.

Pain that opens the eyes and softens the heart is not an enemy but a friend.

THE DANCING FOLLIES FATE

FREEMAN'S FUNNY FLAPDOODLE

Cheques and Set-backs

THINGS are not always what they seem, and life on the other side of the footlights is not always the gay, care-free existence it appears to be.

For smaller artistes on the variety stage it is a particularly hard struggle, and their lot is not rendered any happier by the activities of certain energetic managers whose ambition is in excess of their financial stability.

In the latter category we must place a gentleman named Henry James Freeman, of Buller Road, Middlesex. The best illustration of this person's ambitions is given in the fact that until May, 1927, he was in business as a manufacturer of gas apparatus. The glow of the gas was not sufficient for his soaring mind; he craved the mellowing influence of limelight—stage limelight.

An amazing agreement

To this end he entered into an agreement with a Mr. George Shurley and a lady whom we may classify as a cipher, to form a concern that was to be known as the "George Shurley Productions."

This company was to busy itself in staging theatrical shows, and the agreement was an amazing document. The most important point in a speculative business of this kind was curiously enough omitted. There was not even a hint as to the amount of capital to be invested in the undertaking!

But if the agreement was silent upon this point, it did not neglect to deal with the question of profits and how they should be divided.

Shurley, who was wholly concerned with the production and not the personal side, was to take 50 per cent. Freeman, who was to undertake the "general management" and financial part of the business, was allotted 35 per cent., while the lady, who was to superintend the artistes, was to claim the remaining 15 per cent.

"Follies" was the word!

Just as there was no provision for capital, so there was no provision for possible losses. In the light of later events these two oversights are remarkable.

Thus proudly established, the Shurley Productions started on its road to fame and fortune under the "general management" of the man who was more at home with geysers and gas-ovens than with floats and footlights.

In due course a company was got together and a show opened at Birmingham under the title of the "Shurley Dancing Follies." Judging from the show bills, it certainly boasted many attractive features.

There were, for instance, some items which appeared under such encouraging headings as "The Black Bottom Squirmers," "The Lightening Strutters," "The Buck Dancers."

In addition to this, the newly formed "Shurley Dancing Follies" were heralded in conspicuous print

Mr. Monte Bayly, Organiser of the Variety Artistes' Federation, which intervened drastically to stop Freeman's little games and save hi-artistes from further misery and distress.

as having come to Birmingham "Direct from their enormously successful Continental tour," and with the reputation of being "The rage of Paris."

If they were not the rage of Paris, they had already evoked the rage of one victim—a theatrical costumier, named Dupont, of Fulham Road, Kensington, who had been induced to supply them with certain of the dresses in which the essential ladies of the "Shurley Dancing Follies" appeared.

A trail of debts

M. Dupont's rage was attributable to the fact that Mr. H. J. Freeman had given him two cheques for £30 in respect of these dresses, both of which were subsequently dishonoured by the banks on which they were drawn.

This was in June last, and to-day the costumier is still without his money, although a firm of solicitors has endeavoured to remind Mr. Freeman that, notwithstanding his name, he can hardly expect free dresses.

However, to return to Birmingham, we find that Freeman contrived to open a banking account during the week's appearance and tendered a cheque for £23 in settlement of his hotel bill on leaving.

It was only after he was safely out of the way that the cheque was found to be worthless, and the proprietors of the hotel are, therefore, in the same boat as M. Dupont.

For a week or two after this the "Shurley Dancing Follies" stayed their dancing steps, but early in July they turned up again at Derby, where they appeared under the guidance of Mr. Freeman.

On the Saturday, when the artistes appeared for their salaries, there was trouble in some cases as Mr. Freeman announced that he was unable to pay them.

In the end the luckless artistes agreed to accept cheques, while Freeman was also successful in persuading the management of the Derby theatre to advance him £59 to enable him to get the show to Newcastle.

Dud cheques galore

Troubles accumulated at Newcastle. Salaries amounting to £199 were due, but this should have been met quite easily as £315 had been paid over by the management.

The manager of the theatre overheard Freeman asking certain artistes to accept cheques, and he at once protested that he had paid Freeman cash.

Freeman still held his ground and refused to agree that he should pay out in cash.

In the end, after a discussion that lasted until the early hours of the morning, the artistes not paid in cash accepted the cheques.

Every one of these cheques came back dishonoured.

One, for £32, had been altered by Freeman, who had crossed out the original branch and had substituted another.

It says much for Freeman's persuasive powers that he was able to induce the artiste concerned to accept this valueless document as "salary."

But when the cheque came back further inscribed "R.D." the duped man began to realise why Mr. Freeman had forsaken his gas manufacturing.

By this time it is not surprising that the Variety Artistes' Federation intervened. The "Follies" had struggled on to Wigan, and there the Chief Constable was conferred with.

At this stage action was taken to prevent them from appearing at any further theatre. In view of the trail of dishonoured cheques they had left in their wake, this action was not taken a moment too soon.

Freeman's amazing cheek!

Matters came to a head at a Cardiff theatre, where the management took upon themselves the responsibility of paying the artistes direct in order to prevent what was becoming week by week inevitable, and only the balance—a matter of £10—was handed to Freeman!

But Freeman is not abashed. Writing from the Bungalow, Canal Side, Rickmansworth, in the name of "H. James, pp. Vaudeville Productions," he has lately offered provincial theatres a reconstruction of the "Shurley Follies."

This article is timed to nip his further activities in the bud.

The 'Tourist' Twist

Such a Nice Young Man!

A PLEASANT gentleman with a wealth of fair, wavy hair, and whose favourite attire consists of grey flannel trousers, and a tweed sports jacket, is at present bent upon a campaign of fraud.

Although this impostor, who is about thirty-five years of age and who possesses a closely cropped moustache, only relieves his dupes of small sums his frauds are none the less despicable because the victims are mostly struggling boarding-house keepers who can ill afford such losses.

Giving the name of Stanley Bolton, and stating that he was on a walking tour, he recently called at a house at Great Missenden, Buckinghamshire, and asked for a room.

Living in luxury

With gentlemanly grace he selected his own bill of fare and induced the owner of the house to obtain some special and costly meals for him. The host, duly impressed with the other's bearing and manner saw that his every wish was attended to.

The scale on which this urbane tourist lived is best shown by the fact that his bill, in this little country cottage, amounted to just on £7. The landlord's first shock came when this bill was presented and the guest showed no immediate intention of paying!

Ignoring such a trifling matter as a weekly bill, "Mr. Bolton" said that he proposed to prolong his stay at Great Missenden as he had discovered that there was great scope there, and in the surrounding district, for placing nicely printed billheads and note-paper — a business in which he specialised.

A profitable tour

Very politely the landlord pressed for payment, and very accommodatingly Mr. Bolton gave his assurance that he would settle up later as he was expecting a cheque from London by any post. So suave was his manner that all suspicion was allayed.

A nicely prepared luncheon was later got ready for Mr. Bolton, but the latter did not return. When the landlord realised that he had absconded he immediately went to the local police.

There he found that the polite "tourist" was no stranger, and it transpired later that during his stay in Great Missenden, Bolton had called upon a number of clergymen.

With the aid of the landlord's bicycle, which he had borrowed on the pretext of visiting local beauty spots, he would ride up to a clergyman's residence, and try to extract alms by means of a well-told tale of woe!

It is not surprising that there is a warrant out for his arrest, and, until he is caught, others should be on the alert, for Bolton favours many aliases and is doubtless pursuing his profitable walking tour on the look out for fresh victims.

A BOLD BATHROOM BRIGAND

THE WHIZZ MOB KING

Scotch Freddie's Amazing Exploits

HOTEL proprietors everywhere should exercise the greatest vigilance in case they should be visited by Mr. Frederick Jackson, a gentleman who is acknowledged in his own circles to be King of the "swell mobsmen."

He is a good-looking, fresh-complexioned Scotsman of thirty-nine summers, with a not unpleasant accent, twinkling grey eyes and a weakness for well-tailored clothes. Incidentally, he is never seen without a diamond pin in his tie.

To the casual acquaintance he is a genial gentleman, a man of honour, bent only upon business of an ordinary nature. But to those who mix with him in the underworld he is known as the head of a powerful gang called the "Whizz Mob"—renowned for the lightning-like rapidity with which its coups are effected. In criminal quarters, too, Jackson is hailed as "Scotch Freddie."

A skilful rogue

One of his most recent coups is illustrative of his uncanny skill, and the exclusive facts are here related for the first time

A few months ago Jackson arrived at a famous West End hotel, complete with luggage, and asked for a room. He signed the register in the name of Wilson, of Leeds, and, after a stay of a few days, paid his bill and departed.

A week later he arrived again, signed the book as before, and again departed after a short stay, paying his bill upon the nail.

Before his second departure, however, he told the manager how well he liked the hotel and even engaged a room in advance for the following week. Since then he has been a regular visitor, coming and going, and behaving in a manner which gained the complete confidence of the staff.

It so happened, however, that the first arrival of Mr. Wilson, of Leeds, coincided with the outbreak of an epidemic of burglaries at the hotel. Visitors were always complaining that, while they were absent from their rooms, their luggage was ransacked and valuables taken.

The pugilistic thief

A certain amount of method was evidenced by the fact that the burglaries mostly took place at the same time in the morning, between eight and nine o'clock, when the victims were in the bathroom; and, therefore, their clothes being discarded, the articles taken were nearly always wallets containing cash.

One gentleman, for instance, lost a wallet containing £70; another £60; another £30, and so on. And, as the management afterwards learned, these thefts only took place at times when "Mr. Wilson, of Leeds," was a guest at the hotel!

Months passed and the thefts continued. Suspicion from time to time fell upon various members of the staff, and at least eight unfortunate employees, who were really as innocent as the day, lost their jobs.

Suspicion, of course, did not fall on the suave business-man from Leeds, who by this time was so well known as a "regular."

Then, one morning, a gentleman who had gone to the bathroom returned by chance to his own room almost immediately to get some soap and found a stranger there.

The intruder was Mr. Wilson, who laughingly explained that he occupied a similar room on a lower floor and must have come up to the wrong floor without noticing it.

Upon hearing this, the management searched Mr. Wilson's luggage. They found three or four expensive suits and documents which seemed to indicate that he was really a bona-fide business-man.

In the end they were quite convinced that their well-known guest was speaking the truth when he said he had strayed into the wrong room by accident.

Still Mr. Wilson came and went. Still the robberies, now running into hundreds of pounds, continued to take place. So, eventually, Wilson was kept under observation.

One night Detective-Sergeant Allen, of Tottenham Court Road, C.I.D., dressed as a liveried porter, went on to Wilson's floor at the hotel and arrested him.

He put up a terrific fight and the detective-sergeant was "floored" and injured very badly. But for the aid of the hotel staff, Wilson might have got away.

Bring him to book!

Taken to the manager's room Wilson admitted everything. In his possession was a bunch of thirty skeleton keys, which told their own story.

He was subsequently charged at Bow Street with being in possession of house-breaking implements and

Mr. Hubert Martin, C.B.E., Chief Passport Officer, whose department should keep a strict watch at the ports for the "Whizz King"

with being in the hotel for an unlawful purpose. He was remanded, and, knowing his true character, the police strongly opposed bail.

Nevertheless, "Mr. Wilson," of Leeds, was allowed out on bail of £100 which was put up by a Mr. James Dowsett, bookmaker, of Camden Road, N.W.

The folly of ignoring the weighty arguments of the police on this occasion was soon made manifest, Wilson failed to appear at the subsequent hearing and is still at large!

Wilson, whose real name we have already given as Jackson, is regarded as one of the cleverest hotel thieves in the land, and has several previous convictions.

No efforts should be spared to bring him to book. He is known to be trying to get out of the country and we would urge the passport officials to co-operate with the police in preventing this.

THE SPRATT WORTH CATCHING

A PRESENT FROM BRIXTON

WHERE is that engaging personality, Mr. Henry Thomas Hart Spratt? Lately he has disappeared from his usual haunts, and since the publication of our article concerning his more pretentious exploits we have been overwhelmed with enquiries from numerous people who have had the misfortune to fall foul of him.

It would seem, in viewing the mass of material before us, that Mr. Hart Spratt has been a very busy man, and when not engaged upon colossal ventures he has filled in dull moments by perpetrating minor peccadilloes. But minor peccadilloes with a man like Hart Spratt are by no means the paltry affairs they might be with less accomplished crooks.

Work but no pay

One such exploit involved a gentleman who resides in Brixton, and who, having saved a little money, invested £100 with Spratt who offered him a position carrying a salary of £7 per week.

Trusting implicitly in his employer the Brixton gentleman crossed to Ireland to take up his duties with a new motor-'bus company, but he very soon found that he was working on a non-salary basis.

Shrouded in mystery

Meanwhile, however, Hart Spratt had interested the gentleman's wife in the venture and she, too, had put in certain moneys. When the true position was discovered, the disgruntled employee brought an action against Spratt and was successful in obtaining a judgment for £241 and £7 7s. costs.

On pressure Hart Spratt has repaid, in varying instalments, a sum total of £57. Now that his whereabouts are shrouded in mystery, the employee is growing anxious.

Another "minor" victim is a gentleman who owned a garage and cars, to whom Spratt represented himself as a "director of motor transport."

He, too, fell for a story of a new omnibus company shortly to be floated, and his confidence was cemented when Hart Spratt called at his garage on several occasions and hired cars, ostensibly in connection with the business of his proposed company.

By degrees the garage-proprietor's account mounted up until it reached something like £125, and when he approached Hart Spratt the latter handed him a post-dated cheque for £100.

On several occasions after the cheque fell due the client refrained from presenting it at the especial request of Mr. Spratt, and when he ultimately did so it was returned dishonoured!

The wily Spratt

The duped trader took action against Hart Spratt in the High Court and obtained judgment with costs amounting to £126 18s. 3d.

In this case, however, the wily Spratt made no attempt to liquidate the debt, and in April this year, at the Westminster County Court, the wronged party obtained a committal order for seven days. Doubtless Mr Hart Spratt is aware of this, and hence his desire to remain in seclusion.

Spratt, who has been many times bankrupt, varies his name as the whim takes him. In his first bankruptcy in 1918 he called himself Henry T. Hart.

Will they catch him?

Later in the same year he was Henry Thomas Hart. Subsequently he mustered all his names in full—Henry Thomas Hart Spratt, though on occasion he modestly signs himself H. T. Hart Spratt.

It will be seen that so long as he remains at large Hart Spratt, in any name, is a menace to the community, and even at this moment it is highly probable that he is hatching fresh schemes.

Our accumulated information relating to his past exploits is at the disposal of the authorities should they desire it, and we hope they will make an earnest attempt to land this slippery Spratt!

A CHARABANC SHOCK

COACHES FOR COUCHES

The Lost Motor Mystery

THE travelling public is entitled to look for the fullest efficiency from transport services. In these dangerous days motor coach companies in particular should be doubly conscientious

WHEN we recently found it necessary to comment upon an employment scheme run by the Cambrian Coaches Company of High Street, Bloomsbury, W.C. we had no idea that the reference would bring us complaints from various quarters regarding the actual business activities of the concern.

Yet this has been the case, and the complaints are of such a nature that they cannot be passed over in silence. The Cambrian Coaches concern runs various motor tours, and the following stories indicate very strongly the fact that it has more than once failed to manifest the reliability one looks for in a public service.

Only a few weeks ago a Clapton reader and his fiancée booked return tickets to Canterbury with the Cambrian Coaches, thinking that the road journey would be both pleasant and cheap. The outward journey was accomplished satisfactorily, but when the time came for returning, and the couple arrived at the appointed starting-place, no coach was waiting.

A series of mishaps

The time fixed for the start was 5.45, and it was clearly so stated upon the return ticket. The couple waited from 5.20 until 7.45, after which they were forced to catch the last train back to London. They have since written to the company on two occasions, but have received no reply.

There may be a perfectly good explanation regarding the non-arrival of the coach at the time stated, but what explanation has the company to offer for ignoring the correspondence of an aggrieved passenger?

More distressing still was the experience of seventeen passengers on a return journey from Margate, having gone there for the day by Cambrian coach. The charabanc was there to meet them all right, but it soon transpired that it was ill-prepared for the long journey back to town.

At Birchington, only eleven miles out of Margate, the petrol ran out and the driver broke the news gently that he was only permitted to purchase a certain brand. After some difficulty a small quantity of the specified spirit was obtained and the journey was resumed once more.

Stranded passengers

Then, at Sittingbourne, the lighting failed and when a local electrician was called he announced that a new dynamo would be required. That was at 9 p.m., and the passengers were informed that they would have to sleep in the vehicle for the remainder of the night.

Eight women and four children were included in the stranded seventeen, and makeshift beds of coats had to be prepared on the floor of the charabanc for the little ones while the women huddled themselves up upon the seats.

Meanwhile, relatives and friends in London were naturally growing uneasy, but enquiries at the head office of the Cambrian Coaches were fruitless. The company knew nothing.

At the first streaks of dawn the cheerless journey was resumed and, cold and hungry, the party eventually reached London at 8 a.m., after being nearly sixteen hours upon the road!

Mr. Stanley Northover

Surely it is a most reprehensible thing that any company, representing itself as a public service, should be permitted to send its vehicles upon the road for long journeys with defective lighting gear.

It is not unreasonable to assume that the Cambrian Company would have some pre-arranged system of keeping in touch with its vehicles upon the road.

Whatever arrangements the company have for such an emergency, they apparently broke down most miserably on this occasion.

But in addition to complaints of the above nature we have had other facts brought to our notice.

Very serious flaws

A London engineer, Mr. Stanley Northover, entered the employ of the Cambrian Coaches, and the arrangement was that the firm would find him a house in Whitstable.

A residence was duly found, but the employee had not been there very long before he and his family were ejected owing to a flaw in the agreement. It is not unnatural that the man's work suffered, and he was eventually summarily dismissed.

He sued Cambrian Coaches and obtained judgment against them for one week's salary, but the money has not yet been paid.

Another gentleman who entered this company's employ found the utmost difficulty in obtaining his wages, and on several occasions he slept in the garages, not having any money to pay for a lodging.

He was forced to resort to legal measures, but the company settled out of Court.

The travelling public is entitled to efficient transport service. That there have been flaws in the organisation of the Cambrian Company is only too apparent, and it is the duty of the company to remedy them.

SPRUCED BY BRUCE

THE WONDER WINNER WANGLE

Are There Mugs Enough?

IF you are apparently offered something for nothing you may be pretty sure that what you are really going to get is nothing for something. It always pays to be cautious!

"THE hand of prosperity is open to you!" declares an interesting individual named George Bruce, of Gordon Street, Wolverhampton, in a four-page pamphlet which seems to have been specially designed to attract mugs.

"Prosperity"! It sounds good, and if the written word does not carry sufficient weight there is an enlarged pictorial representation of the open hand, belching forth prosperity in the form of crisp five-pound notes and substantial coin of the realm!

What is Mr. Bruce's secret key to wealth? You will possibly be disappointed to learn that it is "the most successful winner-finder ever discovered." But please do not make the mistake of dismissing Mr. George Bruce as a common tipster. He would hate you to think so poorly of him.

In his own words he is "the sole proprietor of the 'Sports Indicator,'" which, as his pamphlet emphatically asserts is "an entirely new thing." Moreover, he claims to be the only man in England who will send proof of a system before asking a client to purchase.

A rosy proposition

Space will not permit us to quote all the nice things which the pamphlet says about the "Indicator," but it carries the assurance that it is an easy and sure method of speculation upon the turf, and "without doubt the greatest invention of modern times."

A South London gentleman who was interested in this rosy proposition thought himself very fortunate indeed when he was informed that he was eligible for a special offer in this connection.

He had only to send 4s. to Mr. George Bruce, and the latter would promptly send him two "indications" for the Saturday following. If he backed these in accordance with instructions he was assured that he would win sufficient to purchase the "Sports Indicator," though he would be under no obligation to do so.

Something for nothing!

Mr. Bruce felt sure, however, that with its value thus proved, the client would be only too pleased to secure the secret of the system, which was offered "complete" for £2 2s.

"Though this sum may appear large to you," he was assured, "it must not be forgotten that I place in your hands an invention which enables you to make a safe and substantial income every week of your life."

Meanwhile, Mr. Bruce was prepared to admit that it might happen that his two trial "indications" would fail to realise expectations. But if they were not both winners he was willing to send the "Sports Indicator" free of all charge!

Feeling that he would be a curmudgeon indeed if he let this offer slip past, the gentleman sent his 4s. and in due course received the promised "indications."

It so happened that both horses let Mr. Bruce down badly, but the latter was as good as his word and supplied his client with the "greatest invention of modern times" without any further charge.

And nothing for something!

And here came a big surprise. The "invention" consisted of a slip of cheap paper with the printed heading: "Sports Indicator,—The Wonder Winner Finder," and setting forth the system in the following terms:

"Get the probable runners. If not possible get the entries and select the horses that were placed 1st, 2nd or 3rd last time out. If there is a winner last time out back him, if no winner back a second, if no second back a third last time out."

A note was added to the effect that this system could be applied to every race of the day, or to selling races only, or, should the backer desire to make only one bet, to the biggest race of the day. In conclusion, Mr. Bruce assured his client that he would be pleased with his constant successes.

Fortunately for the gentleman concerned he refrained from risking any more money on this proposition, but he tested the system in theory on the first day, and the result was illuminating.

A miserable fizzle

He decided to apply the "Indicator" in theory to every race in the programme, and it so happened that there were numerous horses which had won "last time out." In theory he backed each one to the extent of £5.

In the first race his "Indicator" selection finished nowhere. In the second there were two mounts which had won last time out, but now they failed lamentably and £10 was lost. The same thing happened in the third race.

The fourth race recorded a win, but as the horse "indicated" was a hot favourite only £4 profit accrued. The remaining races of the day resulted in consistent losses, and the sum total of the experiment showed the magnificent return of £4 for an outlay of £55!

After reading this we trust that racing enthusiasts will not listen to the "inventions" of Mr. George Bruce.

CLAPTON ORIENT: Startling Sensation
HOME OFFICE BLOWS THE WHISTLE!
Why Not Hottentots?

WE have lately investigated an abortive attempt to introduce an alien footballer into the ranks of a famous British Soccer team.

In order to ensure that the best interests of our own players are regarded in future, and to remove the present air of mystery which prevails in sporting circles concerning the affair, we propose to make our discoveries public.

About two months ago the Belgian Press, and several sporting newspapers in this country, announced the somewhat startling news that a famous young Belgian amateur footballer named Raymond Braine, had suddenly turned professional, and had signed a three years' contract at a big salary with the Clapton Orient Football Club.

Belgian sporting circles were perturbed at the news that Braine was coming to England almost immediately to take up his new post, as he had the reputation of having played for Belgium in many international matches and was a most difficult player to replace.

What an idea!

Of his prowess and skill in the game there is no doubt. A clerk in private life in Belgium, he has for years past been an enthusiastic lover of sport.

Only just turned twenty he was hailed by his Belgian colleagues as one of the greatest members of the Beerschat Athletic Club, and he was the proud holder of several international cups.

With his skill, his excellent and well-timed shots, and his remarkable speed and finesse, Belgium did not want to lose him, and plainly said so. To pass into professional status was bad enough, but to become a professional abroad was loudly to be deplored.

No less was the indignation felt amongst sportsmen here who got to know of the contemplated move. Football in England was surely in a bad way if it was now found necessary to import players from abroad.

A mysterious departure

But the fact remains that the directors of the Clapton Orient wanted this player, irrespective of nationality. That there was plenty of undeveloped local talent did not count in this rush for foreign honours.

So, on August 9, Braine arrived at Newhaven and journeyed to his new club's headquarters in Lee Bridge Road, N.

Then something happened. Instead of going into training with the English footballers for his career as Clapton Orient's new centre forward Braine went straight back to Belgium and placed his services at the disposal of his old club.

No explanation of this curious procedure was ever made. Belgium papers, it is true, commented upon the affair, but their comments only tended to heighten the mystery.

They inferred that Braine, on his arrival in England, had been given such a frigid reception by the directors of his new club that he had taken the first boat back to Belgium in disgust. And they added that, in these strange circumstances, a difficult position had arisen; for in having signed on as a professional, how could he resume his amateur status?

Now, it must not be thought that the transaction fell through owing to the English directors being made to realise what most people would term their unpatriotic attitude.

In a statement recently made by Mr. C. W. H. Dean, the secretary for Clapton Orient, it would appear that Braine was not seen by the directors but the opinion was expressed that Braine might yet fulfil his engagement.

Enquiries in the proper quarters, however, throw a very different light upon the matter, and it is idle for the officials of the Clapton Orient Football Club to pretend that they are unaware of the true facts or that there is the remotest possibility of their being able to engage Braine in accordance with their original intention.

The mystery explained

The truth is that, while these officials were perfectly willing to let a foreign player take an English footballer's place in an English football team, the British Government was not at all ready to countenance such a lamentable course of action.

The mystery is a mystery no longer when we say that the Ministry of Labour, acting upon instructions from the Home Office, frustrated the Clapton Orient's plan by the simple expedient of refusing to grant permission for the employment of an alien.

So Braine, who had come to this country with a week's tourist ticket had no alternative but to go back to Belgium!

Mr. C. W. H. Dean, Secretary of the Clapton Orient Football Club

So however much the directors of the Clapton Orient Football Club may cherish their desire to import crack players from abroad, it is comforting to note that the Ministry of Labour will not condescend to be a party to such a lamentable practice.

It is to be hoped, though, that their experience in this instance will lead these officials to abandon all idea of combing the Continent for recruits and that they will concentrate their endeavours upon viewing local talent.

There are plenty of accomplished players only looking for a chance like that missed by Braine. Why are they passed over?

It is a sorry thing to reflect that British sport should have reached a stage when a desire to secure "star" players should overrule every other consideration.

It looks as if the lure of the gate money is everything while the mere spirit of the game, with all it stands for, is rapidly being lost.

Queer Military Mystery
Very Lame Explanations

WHAT is the mystery behind the discharge of Sergeant Alexander Robinson, who has been forced to leave the Royal Artillery after a long and distinguished record of service in circumstances of a most unusual nature.

His papers show that he was discharged, in the classic, official phrase: "For the benefit of the Public Service." But they also show that he was highly qualified in many specialised branches of his calling, and one is immediately led to ask how the Service could possibly benefit by the loss of a good soldier.

No complaints

When this puzzling point was referred to Robinson's late commanding officer, Lt.-Col. E. S. Hay, the latter readily admitted that his character was exemplary. "But he was not up to his work in the battery as a sergeant," he added, "and had he remained in the Army it would have been necessary to reduce him for inefficiency."

Without commenting upon this official "explanation" let us simply review Robinson's attainments. He had served for nineteen years and 251 days, during twelve of which he has held non-commissioned rank.

Why dismiss him?

Reference to his certificate of service shows that he held a first-class certificate of education and had passed through the school of Military Administration in the duties of Quartermaster and Quartermaster-sergeant. In addition to this, he had passed a course of instruction on the service rifle, and had qualified in a special gunnery course.

He holds four medals, and is described in his discharge papers as "Reliable, hardworking and intelligent; thoroughly well behaved, perfectly honest and sober."

It is clearly the duty of the authorities to dispell the mystery without delay. Robinson should either be reinstated or granted full pension rights which he would certainly appear to have earned.

Some "Intelligence" Test!
A Liverpool Lad's Plight

CHARLIE McNALLY is not quite fourteen, and from an early age he has had to wear glasses. When fellow playmates in Liverpool knocked him about and broke his glasses, Charlie found that he could hold his own by hitting back.

Some time ago Charlie was called upon to undergo an "intelligence test" at the offices of the Education Committee. He was deemed by his father to have passed with flying colours, but the examiner noticed that a school report commented on the lad's fighting propensities.

Naturally!

When asked why he hit other boys, Charlie replied that he only did so when they hit him—a reply which everyone will allow to be quite intelligent.

However, a fortnight after this "test" the boy was called upon to undergo a medical examination. This time his mother accompanied him, and she declares that the doctor merely glanced casually at Charlie and asked him one or two questions.

The McNallys waited further developments, but time passed and nothing happened until a week or two ago. Then a notice came saying that Charlie must attend another school until he was sixteen—a school for backward children, where they are taught to use their hands—not for protecting their glasses from the onslaughts of others but in basket making and boot repairing.

Blighting his life

Not to beat about the bush, the school in question is an institution for mental defectives, and the parents naturally resent the action of the authorities in blasting a lad's future as a punishment for standing up for himself.

Besides, they had planned a very different future for the lad. A job had actually been found for him in a neighbouring rope works, and he was to have started in November.

We trust that the authorities will reconsider this case very carefully before enforcing a decree which may blight this lad's chances for ever.

"A LITTLE FLUTTER"

Said Mr. Gold to Mr. Flake—

"They get tempted to play, and then they can't stop, Mr. Flake, and then they lose more than they ought."

"Yes. Poor things, they're people without Wills of their own."

ISSUED TO DRAW
ATTENTION TO THE MERITS OF
WILLS'
"GOLD FLAKE" CIGARETTES

B.G. 103

Do You Believe It?

by **ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON ("Dangle")**

RELIGION, so far as the orthodox Church is concerned, has clearly failed to satisfy the people's needs: but there are signs of a changed outlook. If the Church really awakes to the people's desires it will mean a momentous change in our social life

DEAN INGE claimed for the Conference of Modern Churchmen lately held at Bourneville that "it ushers in a new period."

If he and his fellows in the Movement are in real earnest, if they are bold and resolute in pressing their manifestly rational views upon the understanding of the community, if they have grit and pluck enough to tackle their big job with fearless frankness and to prevent bigotry from throttling their purpose before it has had time to grow into strength and power, they will not only usher in a new period, but make their Conference the beginning of a revolution in religious history momentous to mankind.

For consider what the purpose is which this Conference of religious thinkers set out to achieve. Dean Inge defined it as "the shifting of the centre of gravity in religion. The chief seat of Authority in religion would no longer be the Church nor the Bible, but the Inner Light interpreting the teaching of the New Testament."

The peril of the age

In plain words, the thinkers of the Church have come at long last to the conclusion, which some of us have been urging for many years.

They have realised that if the Church is to regain intimate relationship with the lives of the people and to exercise any real influence, it will have to scrap all the dead wood of primitive legends which we have hitherto been taught to regard as divinely inspired, and to return to the straight simplicity of that humane religion in which Jesus lived.

The late Dr. Carpenter once said that "There is nothing too strange to be believed by those who have once surrendered their judgment to the extent of accepting as credible, things which common-sense tells us are entirely incredible."

But no authority of Church or Bible can impose such a surrender on young people who have attended modern science classes, nor even on those who have learned at board schools to read intelligently and to seek understanding as to the "Whence? Why? and Whither?" of their earthly flutter.

How can they be expected to believe in a religion professedly based on fables which they have been taught to regard as childishly ridiculous?

The plain fact is that in the process of adjustment to ascertained knowledge, orthodox religion has lagged centuries behind the progress of elementary education. The scepticism and cynicism which afflict the time's intelligence are the natural result.

Alert youth, stripped of religion, generally comes to believe in nothing but itself, its pleasures, its material advancement, and its absolute right to jolly well do what it likes with its life.

There lies the peril and the pity of the age.

The Churches' opportunity

Renan, the great thinker, denounced by some dogmatists as "an enemy of religion," clearly recognised the mischief of this unchecked and undisciplined unbelief.

"I regret," he said, "that no religious sentiments are imparted to the young men of to-day. Of course, they cannot be asked to go to Mass; but to make up for it, great voices ought to be heard in all our large schools, so that their souls may be lifted up."

Well, the Churches have the finest possible instrument of uplift ready to their hands. Let them clear Christianity of its legends and cruelty, and there remains the most beautiful, the most touching and stimulating story ever written, with a central figure the most lovably human in all humanity's records.

It was owing to a sad blunder of St. Augustine, as the Rev. C. B. Beeby has pointed out, that the tribal god of an ignorant and savage race of marauders was ever tacked on to the Christian religion as an essential part of its creed.

A parson's problems—

This god, the god of the Old Testament, made in primitive man's own image—with an insatiable lust for plunder, slaughter, praise, and propitiation—is as inconsistent with the vital spirit of Christianity as is the teaching of our Sunday-schools with that of our week-day schools.

For it is the distinctive quality and glory of the Galilean Carpenter's gospel over all preceding religions, that it presents altruism—the principle of good will towards men—as the cardinal virtue.

He may not have originated the principle, but he was the first to make it the corner-stone of a moral system.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." These are the fundamental tenets of a religion which, if they were generally applied to human conduct, would utterly and splendidly transform the whole world.

A hard-working parson in one of the vilest of London slums, said to me one day: "If it were not for the humanism of Christianity, my faith would go to the devil. I saw a dead baby this morning, dead and cuddled in the arms of her mother. The mother was—well, not sober.

"The home was a damp and putrid cellar. No food. No bedding but a doss of lousy sacks. Ghastly business. And I live amongst that sort of thing all the year round. I daresay you wonder how I keep my religion.

"Well, of course, a chap like the hero of the Pilgrim's Progress would keep his faith by getting out. I don't seem to be built that way. I can only stick it by holding tight to the idea that to tackle this blight is what I'm for.

—And his solution

"It's my job to use the divine consciousness working with me and through me to mend it. I never could see the merit of mere faith—faith without works. But faith in visible good produced by one's own efforts—that's the sort of faith that bucks you up, and that not even the horror of the slums can shake."

Well, the Church has many sons of that type—Catholics as well as Protestants—content to work in the constant sight of awful wretchedness, manfully struggling to the crushing weight of poverty, disease, squalor and suffering.

My friend may be very wobbly on the literal truthfulness of the Joshua, Jonah, and Balaam stories, but he is mighty strong on evolution, and uses his religion all the time to help that evolution, so far as his powers go, away from evil towards good—or, as he prefers to put it, away from the devil towards God.

There are many amongst his parishioners whose more frequent address is the county jail. He is on the best of terms with all these gentlemen—chats with them, chaffs with them, laughs with

Mr. Alexander M. Thompson

them, sometimes even quaffs with them, and, on one or two special occasions when they have proved unreasonably obdurate, he, having been a bit of a "bruiser" in his college days, has so far extended his brotherly solicitude for the good of their souls, as to fight with them.

He does not expect suddenly to convert Bill Sikes to church-going and hymn-singing respectability, but he hopes, somehow, anyhow, even if need be by knocking him down, to discover the divine spark which, he believes, lurks even in Bill Sikes, and to kindle it into more or less lasting brightness.

The time is ripe!

He does not waste many Scriptural texts on his professional lambs, but appeals in cheery, simple talk, to their common human capacity for laughter and tears, for romance, sentiment, and sympathy, or, to their common human instinct for something better, nobler, than themselves, "the Nelson touch," the heroic, the sublime; or, to the disgust which occasionally comes over us all—the worst as well as the best—with the dreariness and futility of our lives.

And so, it may be that he succeeds in admitting a little glimmer of light into their dark souls. It may even be that he sometimes secures by this means, a little respite from ill-treatment, and perhaps a few moments of happiness, for some poor woman or child. It isn't much, he admits, but "one can only do one's best."

And, after all, as he says, "You can't expect saints in a slum—not regular."

We do not expect Dean Inge to live in Bermondsey, not to bestow the ecclesiastical benediction of black eyes on recalcitrant bargees to make them love Jesus.

But all of us who sincerely believe that the age needs a real "religious revival," wider, deeper, and more durable than the spasmodic outbreaks produced by hysterical fanaticism, may reasonably hope that by sticking resolutely to the purpose they have proclaimed, and by spreading the spirit of love, practical Christianity embodied in my East End parson, they may achieve prodigies more wonderful and much more beneficial to mankind than any recorded in the age of miracles.

The time is ripe. The world, distracted with spiritual doubts and questionings, is literally aching for a practical common-sense religion. Hitherto when the people have cried for bread the Church has given them stones. Is it at last going to give them bread?

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR PREMIER,—Your testimony to the grit and loyalty in the British Isles should go far in correcting false reports that may have gained credence in Canada. Though the whole world system of credit and exchange has been broken by the war, markets desolated, and wage systems shattered, we are not in despair. Our people hold up their heads and show courage, patience, and hope. But these splendid attributes will not of themselves fill empty stomachs nor clothe naked backs. That can only be done by wise and statesmanlike handling of the terrible evil of unemployment. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.A.,
46, Gillingham Street, S.W.1.

DEAR SIR,—Your admission that every Home Secretary knows that a certain number of innocent people are hanged yearly, coming as it does from one who has been officially connected with the Home Office and has held Cabinet rank, is as powerful a plea against capital punishment as could be urged. That men guiltless of murder have been, and are likely to be, themselves murdered by a legal system ever liable to err is, in my opinion, a conclusive argument for the abolition of this relic of a barbarous age.
JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P.,
41, St. John's Road, S.W.15.

DEAR SIR,—Your demand for a complete Labour stocktaking is timely. You foresee an early appeal to the country on the part of the Government, and believe it to be morally weak in many of its constituencies. Constructive ideas are lacking, and in place of the era of international peace for which sane men are looking we are presented with a picture of ghastly preparations for even more terrible war. What has Labour, or any Party, to offer constructively? That is what every man with a vote to cast would like to know. JOHN BULL.

To Sir JOHN H. P. MURRAY,
Lieutenant-Governor, Papua.

DEAR SIR,—Your report that tribes under your rule which were once cannibalistic are now keen competitors in Association football, and although greatest excitement prevails never a blow is struck in anger, proves the value of organised games. It also gives a lesson to the world. If savages can be thus tamed, surely the civilised world might, one day, forget the very possibility of war. JOHN BULL.

To Lord ASHMORE,
The High Court, Edinburgh.

DEAR SIR,—When Isaac Workman, remitted from Glasgow, appeared for sentence on a charge of cutting the gas supply pipe in his house to endanger his children's lives you discovered that he tried "to do four children and himself in" because his wife had quarrelled and left him and he was unemployed. Your judgment that he had suffered enough and would now be discharged must be followed by an offer of employment. Surely someone will come forward? JOHN BULL.

To Mr. R. C. ROBERTS,
Barracks Joint Lodge, Miners' Federation.

DEAR SIR,—In support of your protests against the methods of the Poor Law Commissioners, you quote the case of a woman who was refused relief because she lived with her son-in-law. This man, a mine labourer, earns £2 6s. a week, out of which he has to pay rent and support a wife, two children, his widowed mother, and now his mother-in-law. Economy which forces malnutrition is national suicide. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. C. E. A. BEDWELL,
King's College Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5.

DEAR SIR,—Since it became known that tin, lead, and aluminium foil had their value your hospital has received an average of two hundredweight a week. Its value has been sufficient to cover completely the cost of maintenance of two beds. As an instance of what can be done by looking after the pence the record is amazing. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. S. F. BUSS,
Engine Driver, Southern Railway.

DEAR SIR,—I can appreciate your sorrow that, after forty years of splendid service, it should have fallen to your lot to be driving the train which met with disaster at Sevenoaks. Everybody will agree, however, that your conduct was heroic. Though badly injured, you stuck to your post, smothering the fire with sand to prevent an explosion of the boiler. You are, indeed, all of a man since you did all that a man could do.
JOHN BULL.

To Dect.-Sgt. WM. E. J. GAGE,
Central Railway Police, Leeds.

DEAR SIR,—But for the fact that your wallet chanced to slip out of your pocket, the identity of the gallant rescuer of a boy who fell from a groyne at Brighton would never have been discovered. You plunged in, fully dressed, after him, and brought him to shore amid the cheers of the onlookers. Then you quietly slipped away. Modesty and pluck ever run in harness.
JOHN BULL.

To the MAGISTRATES,
Guildhall Police Court, E.C.

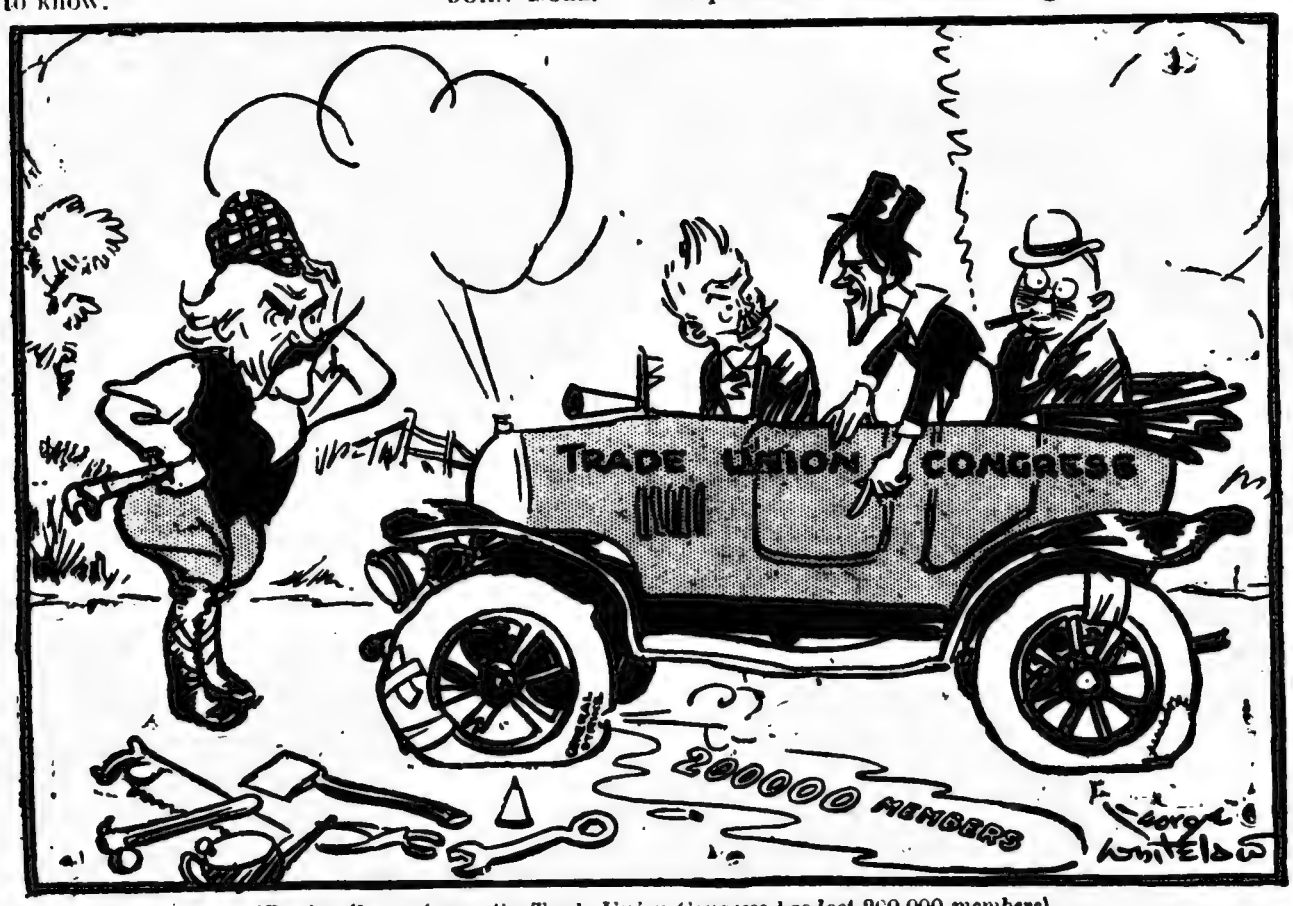
GENTLEMEN,—Your refusal to make an order against William R. Goodenough, summoned by the City Guardians to show cause why he should not contribute to the support of his father does you credit. This youth earns £2 10s. a week, out of which he gives his mother £2. His father left his family years ago, will not support them, and will not work although able to do so. That a struggling youth should be mulcted in such a fellow's behalf is unthinkable. The Guardians overstepped the mark. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. MATHIAS KNOWLES,
Labourer, Leigh, Lancs.

SIR,—This is to let you know that I look upon you as one of the meanest rogues on whom the cell door of a prison ever banged. You handed a blind man a worthless piece of paper, chosen because it felt like a pound Treasury note, for which you offered to take in exchange all the cash he chanced to have. Thus you robbed this stricken fellow of eight shillings, and doubtless went away chuckling at your smartness. I am not vindictive, but I confess that I consider three months a light sentence. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. J. H. LANGRIDGE,
Chatham.

DEAR SIR,—Retiring from your position of special stationmaster of Chatham, Rochester, and Gillingham, you can look back upon half a century's experience of the travelling public. That you find manners improved, grumbling banished, and haughtiness and boorishness ended is encouraging. Courtesy oils the wheels, and we are learning to use more of it. JOHN BULL.



(During the past year the Trade Union Congress has lost 200,000 members)

RAMSAY: "What's the matter with the car anyway?"
MAXTON: "The petrol's leaking, Papa-a!"

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. BALDWIN: "I can take no blame for the failure of the naval conference."

Nor any credit for insisting that failure should not happen.

* * *

DEAN INGE:—"Social legislation lay simply outside the range of Christ's teaching, being left by Him to the law of love."

And what is Christ's teaching if it is not the law of love?

* * *

SIR RICHARD REDMAYNE:—"Develop a mine and you develop a market and the necessity for agriculture and industry."

Sound sense which heads not impervious to sledge hammers would have assimilated long since.

* * *

MISS ANNIE HUGHES:—"The Australian man in the street does not like the English."

A good specimen of the kind of rubbish that works untold harm in the world.

Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

NAIL THAT LIE!

A SINISTER PIECE OF CAMOUFLAGE

Audited by Ananias

THE resignation of Lord Cecil from the Cabinet, and hence from the delegation to the present session of the League of Nations, has raised issues of world-wide importance.

We do not propose to go into this matter, since Mr. A. G. Gardiner, on page 18, has dealt very adequately with it. But the statement contained the other day in a daily paper that usually prides itself on its accuracy has lent such point to the concluding paragraph of Lord Cecil's letter of resignation to Mr. Baldwin that we feel bound to do what we can to destroy the evil effect of this paper's gross misstatement.

Writing to Mr. Baldwin, Lord Cecil said: "The hope of the future lies in an aroused and instructed public opinion." How little that public opinion is instructed at the moment can be seen when it is apparently prepared to accept without question a statement like this:

"The League of Nations is camouflage. It spends some £4,000,000 a year (most of it out of British pockets)."

It is, we consider, a rather grave matter when a reputable daily paper should so far forget itself as to foist a deliberate misstatement such as that on the public. For the statement could hardly be more wrong if it tried.

LAST year the total cost of the League of Nations—the *total* cost—including every possible item of expense that could be debited against it, was just over £980,000. This is a little different from the £4,000,000 it is supposed to have cost!

And even this startlingly small total of £980,000 did not "most of it" come out of British pockets. What came out of British pockets was the trifle of £101,000, less than one-tenth of a farthing out of every pound we pay in taxes.

We have been at some pains to find out the cost of the League of Nations for the current year so far as the year has run. Up to date its total budget has only reached £891,980, and of this total the British taxpayer has only been called upon to find some £93,000.

These are facts. What is the use therefore of responsible newspapers, however much they may dislike the League of Nations, pretending that its cost to the British taxpayer is something like £4,000,000 a year?

If that is too much for the British taxpayer to be asked to spend in order to organise peace, there is no longer any meaning in the word "sanity."

EVEN if the League of Nations did, in fact, cost the British taxpayer £4,000,000 a year, surely that would be money far better expended than the £7,000,000 odd he has recently had to pay for one battleship which is of no use to anyone and was probably out of date almost before it left the slips.

The amount the British taxpayer has to pay for one battle cruiser would pay his contribution to the League of Nations for sixty years. Even the cost of one submarine would pay his League of Nations bill for four years.

Amid all the welter of diplomatic intrigue and political lying, the great need of the world to-day, if it is to be saved from the recurrence of another disastrous war, is truth.

It is distressing to find a great daily paper not only withholding from its readers the truth about such a vital matter as the League of Nations, but actually giving them the worst possible perversion of it.

By any and every means the British public should be made aware of the truth about the League of Nations, should be told of the enormous amount of good which is done and the colossal amount of good it could do did it only have wholehearted support.

The League of Nations may or may not be "camouflage." To say that "it spends some £4,000,000 a year (most of it out of British pockets)" is most emphatically camouflage, and camouflage of a particularly pernicious type.

Dr. J. C. Maxwell Garnett, Secretary of the League of Nations Union, which is always ready to supply exact and expert information

RUSSIAN SCAMPS' TRICKS

THE MARRIAGE TRAP

THE Home Secretary, in prosecuting a vigorous campaign against undesirable Russians, has overlooked one very objectionable class. We refer to men who entirely ignore the law of this country and contract bigamous unions with innocent British women.

In a case recently heard at Thames Police Court a Russian subject named Ludoff was found to have deserted his wife and three children, whom, two years previously, he had brought with him from Russia.

Tiring of his responsibility he "married" an English girl, and though he could neither read nor write he roundly swore in Court that he had never been legally married to his first wife.

In this case, however, rascality was defeated, as the Russian woman was able to produce her marriage certificate in Court.

Other alien women are less fortunate. When another Russian, named Nastoff, tired of a young wife he had brought from Russia and tricked an English girl into marriage the police tried to bring an action for bigamy. This failed because the man declared he was not legally married and the Russian woman could not produce tangible proof that he was lying.

Men of this type are constantly trapping English girls into bogus marriage.

Their own wives, deserted, cannot obtain employment or even speak the language. They are forced to appeal to Boards of Guardians, many of whom find their funds seriously embarrassed by the problem.

The Soviet Government when approached invariably replies that it "has no time, or is not prepared to unravel matrimonial tangles."

We have a most emphatic right to protest when men of the lowest type bring to these shores their own lax ideas of marriage and parental obligation and involve British women and public funds in their disastrous effects.

Cases of the sort instanced are legion, and the offenders are nearly always Russians who have come to this country described as married men. They are not always accompanied by their wives, and the plight of English women who marry them, only to find themselves deceived, is one of utter despair and misery.

It is preposterous that there should be no way in which such offenders can be brought to book. It would be some check if those described on their passports as married were required to produce their marriage certificates.

It is certain this terrible evil cannot drift along unchecked. The whole subject calls for very earnest attention on the part of the Home Office.

JAIL HIM! That'll Teach Him!

WE have frequently dealt with the scandal of sending persons made morally helpless by sleepy sickness to prison. Unfortunately this scandal, instead of being promptly ended by the Home Office, is still going on.

We heartily agree with Mr. Openshaw, presiding magistrate at Preston Quarter Sessions, that public attention must again be called to it.

At that Court, Ernest Cooper, a young Blackpool photographer, aged twenty-two, came up for sentence for stealing a camera.

Cooper is an invalid. He commits "thefts" under a perfectly irresistible impulse due to his complaint. He needs medical treatment.

This is attested by the prison doctor, who actually got the case postponed from a previous sessions in order that the Home Office might be informed. The Home Office has had Cooper examined by other and independent doctors, who confirm the diagnosis of the first.

But the Home Office and the doctors all agree that the best they can do for this unhappy patient is to clap him into jail where he may be restrained and given "the best treatment" under existing conditions.

Reluctantly the Bench at Preston is compelled to concur in this decision. Ernest Cooper has been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment without hard labour; but that is the scandal.

The law gives no facilities for alternative treatment. Invalids are sentenced as ordinary offenders and, therefore, for the rest of their lives must endure the inevitable prison taint.

They are ex-prisoners. That, in every sense of the word, is a very grave injustice, and one that the public love of fair play should insist on being ended at once. It is caricaturing justice to clap invalids into jail to 'larn" them to be invalids.

A Great Pilot Dropped

by A. G. GARDINER

THIS country can save European civilisation and no other country can. But it can only save it by electing a Government that will give Europe a lead out of the dismal swamp of competitive armaments

Lord Cecil, whose resignation from the Cabine has raised an issue of the first importance

WHEN I wrote the article which appeared last week on the sand-bagging of the League of Nations I had no suspicion of the bombshell that Lord Cecil was about to explode on the same subject.

His resignation from the Government and the tremendous indictment with which he accompanies it add a thousandfold to the gravity of the warning that was the theme of my article. I return to that theme in the new light that Lord Cecil sheds on it.

In the first place, a word about Lord Cecil himself. He is amongst the most single-minded and disinterested public men of our time. As a son of the great Lord Salisbury, he was born and bred in the Conservative tradition, but his brand of Conservatism must not be confounded with the Conservatism of class interest and aristocratic privilege.

He is a man of enlightened outlook and intense moral fervour, upon whom the war left an indelible impression as a crime against the sanctities of life.

Prisoner and slave

Since the war he has been consumed with one purpose, that of making the recurrence of the crime impossible. He has given himself devotedly to the cause of the League of Nations, and in the early years of the League he established himself as the most powerful influence at Geneva.

But his enthusiasm for disarmament made him unpopular among the fire-eaters of his Party, and when Mr. Baldwin returned to power in 1924 he was put in cold storage as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

This did not mean that Mr. Baldwin did not share his sympathies. There is no one who shares them more fully. But it is the tragedy of Mr. Baldwin that he never has his own way.

His instincts and feelings are wise and humane, but he lacks the will and force to give them effect. He is a reed shaken in the wind, and his actions always deny his words.

He surrounded himself with a group of formidable militarists and reactionaries—Mr. Churchill, Lord Birkenhead, Mr. Amery, the Chamberlains, Sir L. Worthington-Evans and Mr. Bridgeman—not one of whom believes in the League or wants disarmament, and having done so he became their prisoner and their slave.

True to his conscience

In these circumstances Lord Cecil has been left a lonely figure, gnawing his heart out, and seeing the whole fabric he had been laboriously building up steadily disintegrated.

The breaking-point was reached in connection with the recent naval conference fiasco. Lord Cecil was sent into that conference with instructions which were impressed on him against his own convictions.

They were instructions drawn up by the Admiralty and endorsed by his Cabinet colleagues in the face of his own opposition. They were instructions that doomed the conference to failure.

He believes that if the course he advocated had been followed an agreement would have been reached on terms which would have sacrificed no essential British interest, and that the cause of world disarmament, instead of suffering a shattering blow, would have won a priceless victory.

"I cannot conceal from myself," he says, "that on the broad policy of disarmament the majority of the Cabinet and I are not really agreed. I believe that a general reduction and limitation of armaments are essential to the peace of the world, and on that peace depends not only the existence of the British Empire, but even that of European civilisation itself."

And holding this belief he has resigned his position in a Government which does not share it and announces his intention of devoting his life to working for the cause which he believes overshadows all other interests.

Enemies of the League

I think he has done this nation and the world a great and disinterested service. He has issued a challenge to the country to say whether it wants a world organised for peace or a world organised for war.

If it wants the former it must have in power men who believe in the practicability of the establishment of a peaceful world and will work honestly to achieve it.

That is not the case at present. Apart from Mr. Baldwin, whose good faith and good intention cannot be doubted, but who counts for little or nothing in shaping the policy of his Government, there is not a conspicuous minister who believes in the course which, as Lord Cecil says, transcends all other public questions.

Some of them pay perfunctory lip-service to the League and to the idea of disarmament as a sort of pious aspiration that does no harm but has no relation to the realities of life. Some are simply frank unbelievers.

If Mr. Amery ever condescends to make an allusion to the subject he hardly conceals his contempt. Sir Austen Chamberlain likens the League to "Meddlesome Matty." Mr. Churchill, Lord Birkenhead, Sir L. Worthington-Evans—the mere mention of their names in connection with a world organised for peace is an occasion for derision.

Sack the lot!

In this great matter I am convinced that the feeling of the country is entirely misrepresented by those who have control of its policy and its fate. There is no class of the community which wants another world war or which would not rejoice if a great world scheme of disarmament were adopted by general consent.

I leave out, of course, the professional soldiers and the professional sailors whose business is war, and who are the last persons, therefore, to be left to defend the cause of disarmament.

But apart from the vested interests, war has no friends. Capital and Labour, however much they disagree on other subjects, are at one on this.

Capital wants disarmament because the tax of armaments is the heaviest burden on its resources. Labour wants peace because war bleeds it white. But if public opinion in this matter is to be made effective it must have instruments which are in sympathy with its purpose.

It must elect a Government which will give expression to its needs and interests. Until the competition in armaments ceases there can be no assurance of peace.

Tried by this test, Mr. Baldwin's Government has been a disastrous disappointment, and in appealing to the public opinion of the country Lord Cecil has raised a flag which should mobilise men of all Parties to the support of a positive policy of disarmament.

The Snail's

Is the real secret of America's prosperity that the American workman wants to make money and the British workman doesn't?

ANYONE who observes industrial life here and in America can hardly avoid being struck by the absence of ambition over here as compared with the States.

Mr. A. F. Holt

One of the reasons may be that Americans are influenced more by their womenfolk than Englishmen are. The more wages a man draws the better he pleases his wife or wife-to-be.

Naturally so. Money means motor-cars, four-valve sets, expensive gramophones, furs, and so on, and the men as a rule appear to be willing to go all out while at work in order to earn all the money they can.

The average British workman is by no means so money hungry.

His attitude to life differs greatly from the average American. The latter is usually willing to put himself out of the way if there is extra cash at the end of it.

ASK a British workman to work until four on a Saturday afternoon in order to get an urgently wanted job finished and his answer is quite likely to be that he has "arranged to go to the match" or somewhere else.

The prospect of earning extra money doesn't appeal to him strongly enough to cause him to forego pleasure or desire extra work.

Payment by results seems to be almost the ideal method of computing earnings. Let a man have all he earns and let him earn all he can.

Many piece-workers, however, refrain from attempting to earn all they can. Recently a workman was told that he ought to be making ten shillings per week more than he was actually doing.

He countered with the simple question, "Why should I?" and then went on to explain. "We can manage all right on what I get now. Why should I pull out my insides for more?"

Help Yourself to Money

by **E. ROFFE THOMPSON**

WHILE "John Bull" will continue to fight on behalf of deluded policyholders, there are millions of pounds to be recovered by the policyholders themselves. This article tells you how to go about it

FOR well over a year we have been exposing in JOHN BULL the iniquitous methods of the industrial assurance companies. No matter at what point you touch them you find a scandal that cries to heaven.

Probably the greatest scandal of all is that at this moment there are literally millions of pounds due to poor people who hold or have held policies, but who have been led to believe by the companies or their agents that such policies are lapsed and finally disposed of.

As a matter of fact, as I shall show, such policies have not been, and indeed could not be, lapsed at all.

I want every reader of JOHN BULL who has an industrial assurance policy to look at it when this article has been read, and see whether it is a real policy or a pure swindle.

All policies of a face value of £25 and under that were in force on August 4, 1912, and were being paid upon on August 4, 1914, could not by Act of Parliament be lapsed until March 7, 1924.

As a matter of fact, they could not be lapsed then, because a further extension of eighteen months was given.

Millions going begging

There are at least four million of these policies that have not been served with a lapsed notice, and that therefore still remain in force, for, so far as I know, not a single legal lapse notice was ever so served on any of these policyholders.

Now the important point is this—that in all cases where claims have arisen under such policies the amount assured can be recovered at any time within twenty years from the date of death or maturity of policy, less any arrears of premiums which might have accrued at the date of the death of the person assured.

If any of my readers have such policies in their possession, and can prove that they paid the premiums until after the outbreak of war, and if further the persons so assured have since died, they should immediately apply to the head office of the company or society concerned and demand payment of the amount assured.

The companies and societies have no option but to pay up. That they are not paying out thousands of pounds daily is merely because the people who hold these policies are unaware of their rights.

Look at your policy, and if it is of the type I have just described, do not lose any time in demanding your rights. If you fail to obtain satisfaction write to JOHN BULL about it.

Demand your rights!

The Industrial Assurance Act of 1923 is quite clear on this point. It says: "Where the holder of any such policy has died before the passing of this Act, or within nine months thereafter, without having exercised the option hereinbefore conferred, the society or company shall be liable to pay to the person entitled to receive the sum assured under the policy the amount thereof after deducting the amount of the arrears of premiums due at the date of death."

I repeat that where these policies are concerned the companies have no option but to pay the amount assured on demand. Demand it!

There must also be millions of pounds owing to policyholders who have been induced by agents to take out what are known as illegal policies. How many illegal policies are being paid upon today by people who have not the smallest chance of ever benefiting from them I do not know, but they must run into millions.

Let me explain what constitutes a legal policy. A husband may insure his wife, and a wife may insure her husband. Either may insure their children. Further, a person may insure his parents, his grandparents, his grandchildren, his brothers or his sisters.

These are the only legal insurances that may be effected. Yet there are thousands and thousands of cases where people have been inveigled by agents into insuring aunts and cousins, and even strangers.

Lord Parmoor, who presided over the inquiry into Industrial Assurance Scandals which resulted in the Act of 1923

All these are illegal policies, and so far as the person paying the premiums is concerned have no value whatever.

This is a matter you can settle in one minute by looking at your policy. Unless the person insured is your husband or wife, your parent, grandparent, grandchild, brother, sister, or child, the policy on which you are paying the premiums is absolutely worthless, and you will never draw any benefit from it.

If, therefore, you have been misled by an agent into insuring someone in whose life you have no insurable interest, and if this insurance has been effected since the passing of the 1923 Industrial Assurance Act, you can claim the return of all the premiums you have paid.

Look at your policy therefore with the greatest care, and if it is an illegal policy, and if you have taken it out since the passing of the 1923 Act, demand the return of your premiums without any delay.

Money for the asking!

The companies are under a legal obligation to refund your money without any argument. If the policy, which you can decide for yourself is an illegal policy, was taken out before the passing of this Act the companies are liable to pay you a sum equal to the surrender value of the policy.

If, and there are hundreds of thousands of such cases, the person whose life is assured did not sign the proposal form the whole of the money paid on such a policy can be claimed, even though the policy was issued before the Act was passed.

Not only does this question of the illegality of policies apply to those policies upon which premiums are still being paid, but it also applies to millions of policies which have been lapsed during the past ten years, owing to the fact that the holders discovered they had no legal interest in the lives assured.

Make them disgorge!

If all the readers of JOHN BULL who hold policies of the types I have described were to insist on their rights from the companies, these latter would be forced to disgorge millions of pounds of stolen money to which they have not the smallest right.

You can always in the last resort bring your difficulties to JOHN BULL, but here are two cases of swindling by the insurance companies that are so simple that you can easily determine for yourself whether or not you have been done.

Remember that if you have been done you have the law on your side, and the companies have not a leg to stand on. They must return your money.

Get your policies out and look at them now. If policyholders are only wide awake the companies will be forced to disgorge millions.

St. Leger

by **ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT**

He obviously did not think that extra ten shillings weekly worth the speed-up it would call for. He did not consider his employer's point of view—nor, possibly, his wife's.

There are, however, other reasons than the philosophic spirit for our shortage of "go getters."

The employer of the past who cut down piece rates when his men began to earn what he considered too much money is one. He was not intelligent enough to see that the more the men earned for themselves the more they earned for him. He was such a miserable grabber that he over-reached himself. The breed is not yet extinct.

The trade union attitude which would set the speed of all by the slowest man in the shop is another.

LACK of moral courage on the part of the average British workman is another, although that statement may be heatedly challenged.

The truth is that the British workman is more afraid of a word than of a gun. Names like "sucker-up" and "blackleg" scare him more easily than ever the Germans could. That is why a determined and organised minority in any concern can usually bring about a strike even when the majority desire to carry on.

A man on time-work who puts all his heart into his work runs the risk of being called a "sucker-up" by his work-mates.

A man who is on piece-work and who goes "all out" to earn money is quite likely to have the label "greedy blighter" (or some less polite one) pinned to him.

I HAVE set down what seem to me to be some of the reasons why the rank and file over here is not so ambitious as in America because I think they need setting down.

They are among the causes of the feeling, becoming increasingly prevalent in our factories and workshops, that there is something mean about a piece-worker who is out to earn every penny he can, and something underhand about a time-worker who puts his heart in his job. It is this feeling that will hinder our industrial revival.

One must quicken the stroke or lengthen the pull—or fall out of the race.

A colonel who isn't crusty

Did you read that letter about "Crusty Colonels" recently published in the press? It gave three reasons why Colonels are more irritable than the rest of mankind. We are delighted to be able to publish another letter on this subject written by a Colonel (retired), who is *not* crusty—*and giving an excellent reason why.* He has found, as all Colonels can—and everyone else as well—that the remedy for crustiness lies in nothing more or less than the little daily dose of Kruschen. Read his letter—try Kruschen yourself, and see if he isn't right!

"Dear Sir,—The letter recently published in the press on the subject of Crusty Colonels suggests that something might be done for them.

"I myself am a retired Colonel—but I am not Crusty. I avoid the trouble by taking the advice of the Kruschen Salts Company.

"One small dose in tea every morning. I am over sixty, and feel under forty. All Colonels—retired or otherwise—should try it.

"No more Crustiness then.

"Yours truly,

"C. H., Colonel (Retired)."

Think what you get for a single farthing. Not just one salt. Kruschen is a perfect blend of these six natural salts which are vital to your bodily well-being. The analysis is on the bottle. Every day you must have these salts, or things go wrong inside you. Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/-, and 1/9 bottles. A large bottle contains 95 "daily doses"—enough to last three whole months.

TASTELESS IN TEA.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

Sole Manufacturers:
E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, Ltd., 68, Deansgate Arcade, MANCHESTER.

TESTED JB

BRITISH LEGION MYSTERY

SCRAPPING THE ROYAL CHARTER

A Hint to Earl Haig

THERE are 70,000 ex-Service men in Liverpool. Of these 23,000 are unemployed. In Liverpool Workhouse Hospital there are over 400 ex-Service men totally incapacitated through war service; and without pensions.

The Board of Guardians deals with over 10,000 cases of extreme poverty every week. As the great majority of applicants for relief are married men with families, it means that something like 40,000 men, women and children are in distress. A very large proportion of them are ex-Service men and their families.

It might be expected that in such a city, the work of the British Legion would flourish. On the contrary, eight out of eleven branches of the Legion in Liverpool have gone out of existence during the past eighteen months. A number of clubs run in association with these branches have also been closed. To-day, there is only one club owned jointly by the members of the only two active branches left.

What is the explanation?

A new branch has been formed recently in an outlying district.

Up to March, 1926, eleven branches of the Legion were working. Each branch had a benevolent committee of voluntary workers who administered relief in the various districts.

A Central Committee also existed under the chairmanship of Councillior Edwin Haigh, C.C., who has done good work for the ex-Service men in Liverpool. The Central Committee was composed of delegates elected from the branch committees.

The central office and clerical staff were maintained out of the proceeds of the annual carnival and cycle parade, a pre-war event in Liverpool which was revived by the ex-Service men for that purpose so that every penny allocated from Earl Haig's Fund to Liverpool might be devoted solely to relief.

For some reason, yet to be explained satisfactorily, this organisation for the administration of the Fund in Liverpool was scrapped and in March, 1926, a new committee was formed, called "The Lord Mayor's Poppy Day Relief Committee."

The branches of the British Legion in Liverpool were not consulted in the formation of this new committee nor were they given any official notice of the termination of their own committees.

Violating the rules

They were each invited to submit the name of one representative to serve on the new committee, but such representative had to be a person approved by the Lord Mayor before he was allowed to become a member.

This undemocratic proceeding was a direct violation of the rules governing the Relief Fund which state that the Fund is administered locally by relief committees elected by the British Legion Committees, and that these must consist of at least six members of the Branch. The rules also provide for a joint committee where two branches exist in a town or locality.

It is distinctly laid down in the Royal Charter that the Legion shall

Earl Haig, who founded the British Legion

be democratic and that no person who is not an ordinary member shall be entitled to vote or hold office *or be a member of any council or committee of the Legion.*

Yet the Chairman of the Lord Mayor's Poppy Day Relief Committee is Mr. W. M. Simpson, the Postmaster of Liverpool, who never served in the Army. The Vice-Chairman is Colonel W. T. Dodd, D.S.O., who is actively engaged in work of a military character and can hardly be described as an ex-Service man.

An unrepresentative committee

Other members of this committee are Major H. R. Parkes, C.B., a regular soldier; Mrs. Nelson Brown; Mr. W. M. Fraser, an ex-sergeant-major, not a member of any branch of the Legion; Mr. H. Rose, J.P., who is not an ex-Service man, and Messrs. C. E. Grisewood and H. Mercer, neither of whom has ever served with the Forces.

Of the members who are supposed to represent branches of the Legion there are eight out of a total membership of twenty. One of these eight members is in Canada, and six of the branches are non-existent, the other two being the Women's Branch, West Derby, and the Post Office Branch—a skeleton organisation representing post office employees who are ex-Service men.

The Lord Mayor's Committee, therefore, is in no way representative of the British Legion whose funds it administers. The Dingle and South Liverpool Branches offered the services of members of their own election, but these were refused.

It is significant to note that the work of the former local committees was entirely voluntary and the expenses of the central committee did not fall on the Legion Relief Fund. To-day, two paid officers are employed by the Lord Mayor's Committee, thus depriving the ex-Service men in distress of some hundreds of pounds yearly.

Whereas in former years, hundreds of cases of acute distress among ex-Service men in the Dingle and South Liverpool districts were relieved every week out of contributions from the Poppy Day Relief Fund, to-day it is claimed that cases in these areas are not being helped as they should be.

A Fascist plot

One typical case is that of Mr. D. Prosser whose wife and two children live at 29, Wolfe Street, Liverpool. Mr. Prosser is a permanent inmate of Smithdown Workhouse owing to injuries to his feet, sustained in the war. If he were supplied with surgical boots he could leave the workhouse and possibly do something for himself and his family.

The South Liverpool Branch applied for assistance for this unfortunate man, but it was refused. So Mr. Prosser remains in the workhouse while his wife and children eke out a precarious existence outside.

There must be an enquiry

It is alleged that all this trouble in Liverpool is due to the machinations of the Fascisti. It is stated that one prominent Fascist declared publicly about two years ago that they "would smash the British Legion."

An incident occurred during the general strike last year, which calls for explanation. Members of the British Legion who applied for relief to the Central Committee during the strike were visited by women workers from the Committee who investigated their cases. These women handed to each applicant for relief a letter signed by the O.M.S. (Organisation and Maintenance of Supplies), instructing them to report to the Town Hall with their service kit and sign on as volunteers.

Another letter from the Legion headquarters in London to a paid "organiser" recently appointed to Liverpool instructs that gentleman that he must not allow any new branch of the Legion to be formed unless it is officered by a substantial proportion of ex-Service men of the "gentleman class!"

All these points are matters of grave concern to the people of Liverpool. They are justified in doubting whether the Relief Fund of the Legion is being administered properly in Liverpool, because the committee responsible is neither representative of ex-Service men nor democratically elected.

We suggest that Earl Haig should personally enquire into the matter.

CRUELLEST TRADE IN BRITAIN

A STATESMAN FILLED WITH HORROR

Wake Up Your M.P.!

CONCEPTIONS of cruelty differ strangely. To chase a cat or a calf till it dropped dead, to hunt a donkey or a pony to exhaustion and then slit its throat, would be universally reprobated as an act of senseless barbarity.

Substitute a hare, fox, or stag, and the outrage becomes a "sport," sanctioned by society and untouched by the criminal law.

Is there any point at which these differences can be reconciled? Is there any form of animal torture to combat which the sympathies of "sportsmen" can be enlisted, side by side with those of "sentimentalists" and humanitarians?

Is there any four-footed creature which, by common and universal consent, ought to be protected from needless cruelty?

Most people will accept the claim of the dog and the horse to exemption from the pain and misery which is civilisation's gift to the animal world.

Sheep and oxen may be butchered for human food, deer and foxes slaughtered to make a sporting holiday, but dogs and horses appeal to no British appetite, while in the realm of sport they are the accomplices of man.

Dispelling a delusion

There ought, therefore, to be a universal rally of sportsmen and sportswomen in support of the Dogs Bill which seeks to protect the canine population from the horrors of vivisection.

There ought to be equally strong support for the Bill promoted by Mr. C. J. Ammon, M.P., to put a stop to the exportation of worn-out horses to the Continent, a debased and cruel traffic which, in spite of Parliamentary regulation, still presents features of unexampled brutality.

The claim of the dogs upon humanity has been eloquently voiced in these columns by Lord Banbury and the Duchess of Hamilton. The scandal of the decrepit horse traffic, however, has fallen somewhat out of sight, and people are apt to think that its nightmare horrors are a thing of the past.

It is time this comfortable delusion was dispelled. In 1926 upwards of 6,000 horses were exported alive from British ports. The great majority of these animals found their way to Continental slaughter-yards, there to be butchered for human food.

A Bill to back

The time has come when public opinion should demand the entire abolition of this inhuman trade. A horse shipped for slaughter is a horse which has passed its usefulness—which no longer has a live value. It is an animal which is better dead. Such creatures ought not to be exposed to the hardships of the Channel crossing and to nameless cruelties in foreign slaughter-houses.

If their lives are burdensome or useless, they should be mercifully put to death on our own soil, under conditions for which we can be responsible, and their carcases only sent abroad.

This, briefly, is the argument of Mr. Ammon's Bill. It should commend itself to every lover of horses, including those who, through some strange mental twist, cannot see that it is cruel to inflict upon lesser creatures an agonising death.

An inspector appointed by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was recently sent

Mr. C. J. Ammon, M.P.

over to Holland to investigate this question on the spot.

He found that from 150 to 200 horses a week, mostly English, were being slaughtered at the Rotterdam abattoir, not always humanely, if the sight of a poleaxe in a corner of the slaughter-house—most barbarous and uncertain of all killing instruments—was a trustworthy indication.

Those foreign hells

At The Hague abattoir he was refused admission, but informed that the way they killed their horses was to hit them on the head with a hammer!

At Vaugirard, a place with a particularly unsavoury reputation in this respect, he found the conditions "as cruel as formerly." The condition of the horse-market, to say nothing of the slaughter-houses, was such as would not have been tolerated for an hour in Great Britain, some of the animals being in a terrible state of emaciation, fright, and exhaustion. And no British authority had the right to interfere.

Mr. Ammon contends that interference should take place on this side of the Channel where it can be effective. This view was strongly urged upon the Departmental Committee appointed by the Ministry of Agriculture to investigate this question in 1925—since when no fresh action has been taken.

The Ministry promised to publish the evidence collected by the Committee. It has done so—at the prohibitive price of thirty shillings!

Perhaps an explanation of this reticence is to be found when it is remembered that in 1921, when Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen was Minister of Agriculture, the reports of his inspectors regarding the treatment of English horses in Belgium "filled him with horror."

Very bad business

There is a type of mind, of course, which considers that cruelty to animals is justified if it shows a profit, that "sentiment" ought never to be allowed to hinder trade. But it is as clear as can be that no legitimate trade interest would suffer by insisting that worn-out horses should be killed before being sent abroad.

Indeed, the export of live horses, apart from its shocking cruelty, assists the foreigner at the expense of our own population. For once, cruelty does not even pay.

In his evidence before the Departmental Committee, Mr. A. Wilson, a well-known horse-dealer said: "The horses for slaughter may just as well be killed on this side as on the other. . . . . At the present time we have all this unemployment. Killing the horses on this side employs a lot of men. In view of unemployment, and the material we get from the horse that is killed, I think the old horse should stop here."

Against the combined arguments of business and humanity what is there to be said?

The Departmental Committee heard the views not only of sentimental animal lovers, but of first-class sportsmen and horse-fanciers. The Hon. Alexander Parker, speaking on behalf of the Hunters' Improvement Society, thought that the export traffic to the Continent, with all its blemishes, was "an outlet for many misfits which would otherwise be left in the breeder's hands"; while another horse-breeding expert, Mr. F. W. Griffin, was anxious "to get rid of low-class rubbish and improve the breed."

Write to your M.P.

Such observations, it must be sorrowfully confessed, imply no very lofty zeal for the extinction of cruelty.

Can it be that the horse is the sportsman's friend only as long as he is fit to participate in a swift run and a "glorious kill"?

The record of the House of Commons in this matter is not a good one. For more than twenty years animal lovers have been battering at its doors, demanding the abolition of this hateful traffic, yet still British horses, dumb, unprotesting martyrs, stand quivering among the stench and filth of foreign slaughter-yards.

In the interval before Parliament reassembles there will be time for a renewed effort to convince M.P.s of their moral and patriotic duty.

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Get Doan's Pills says this Grateful Man.

On 6th May, 1907, Mr. A. Brown, 10 Horace Street, Boston, said:—"I was laid up for eight weeks with rheumatism. Hardly an inch of my body was free from pain. My limbs swelled to a great size, and the water was disordered. My head throbbed, and I was dizzy and weak.

"I read about Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, and commenced taking them. A short course quite freed me from every sign of kidney trouble, and I was perfectly well."

On 4th March, 1927, Mr. Brown said: "I have enjoyed over eighteen years' freedom from rheumatism, thanks to Doan's Pills. (Signed) A. Brown."

Do as Mr. Brown did. Ask distinctly for DOAN'S. 3/- per box.

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In Sunshine Ward
by **PHILIP INMAN**

NO one is wholly bad. It never pays to overlook the possibility of even a thief's making good. Love still makes the world go round—whatever the cynics may say.

THE FELON'S BABY

I STOOD aghast at the doorway of the Children's Ward. Hundreds of times had I passed through before, and yet this was a new sensation which held me in its grip.

The thought absolutely staggered me. Every child in those rows of white covered cots was ill—every child. Sickness, suffering and death stalked about everywhere.

Helpless innocent bairns, many of them in the throes of indescribable pain: no wonder I felt stunned by it all. A hospital is essentially a place where familiarity never breeds contempt.

As I stood there, I saw a doctor in a white smock beckon to a woman who was standing in the corridor. For a few minutes he remained talking earnestly to her, and with a furtive look in her eyes, she listened to what he had to say, whilst she held her baby closely to her breast.

Then almost reverently she laid the child down in the empty cot near by, and tenderly stooped to kiss its little forehead.

A minute later with hurrying steps, as though afraid to linger there, she had passed out, leaving behind her a limp bit of life wrapped up in an old blanket.

A mother's agony

I caught the expression on her face as she went—an expression of such acute anxiety that made me follow her down the stairs. I stopped her before she reached the hall. "I want to speak to you about your baby," I said. And I saw that her eyes were wet with tears.

"For three nights I haven't had my clothes off," she told me. "I thought that it was only a cold, but he had gradually got worse. Oh, if you can only save him for me! Please, please! It's my only hope."

As she was speaking I took stock of her. To say that she was ill-dressed was to put it mildly. It was a wet day, and the rain dripped from her worn and threadbare clothes. And the shoes she wore must have let the water in badly.

It was her pale haggard face and large grey eyes which made my heart ache. She could not have been more than twenty-five and yet the scars of sorrow were only too plainly visible. But I only realised the full extent of the tragedy when, after a cup of hot tea had refreshed her, she unburdened her soul.

Her baby was born a week after her husband had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for stealing. Too proud to go to the guardians for help, too ashamed to seek the aid of her parents, she had tried to struggle bravely on until "he came out."

Her brave fight

As the time passed, the fight became so hard that she nearly gave in, and one night she walked along the banks of the Thames, seeking a way of escape from it all. "I would have taken my baby with me," she said, "but I thought that when Jim came out he would want me. I couldn't let him down, could I?"

Then her little boy had been taken ill, and she had brought him to be cared for at the hospital. After I had listened sorrowfully to her tale of woe, I realised there was only one thing to be done.

Pride nor shame must not stand in her way any longer. She must go back to her mother and her father. Surely, without they had hearts of stone, they would not turn her adrift in her hour of need.

The next day I knew that her parents had not failed her, for when she came to the hospital her mother was with her.

I saw that baby boy when I passed through the Children's Ward. Five months old he was supposed to be, though he looked just like a fragile doll. Five months of privation left the doctors with little to work upon, and it seemed likely that the tiny flicker of life would soon die out.

When the child had been in the ward a few days a young man came to see him. He was not alone, for there came with him a police escort and they waited outside whilst he went in to see his baby for the first time.

Philip Inman

For a minute he sat by the side of the cot, saying not a word. But, before he was taken back he sought me out, and anxiously he enquired if I thought the baby would live.

His eyes met mine steadily as I told him the latest news. "O God, make him well again, for her sake," he prayed. His words rang true, and who will deny that they found a response in the heart of the Great Unseen?

At last the corner has been turned, and life is now throbbing healthfully in that little frame. The father has been released after his imprisonment, and he came with his wife and her mother to take the child home.

As we went he said quietly, "I've turned over a new leaf. She's forgiven me and we're going to start afresh, aren't we?" For answer his wife smiled bravely.

The Sentence of the Court

A LAUGHING LADY

Highway High Jinks

VISCOUNTESS PETERSHAM was not present in Court to answer a charge of unseemly behaviour. But she sent a charming note mentioning that she would have been delighted to attend, only her presentation gown had not arrived from the dressmaker's.

"The accused," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "was doubtless disagreeably surprised when she was convicted by the Isle of Wight Bench for driving a car to the common danger, since offenders of her class seem to imagine that if the common herd comes betwixt the wind and their nobility it does so at its own risk.

"Her ladyship, on the closing day of Cowes week, was driving to a garden party, and at the Yarmouth toll bridge should have paid a toll of eightpence. Both on the outward and homeward journeys she drove her car at, it is alleged, forty miles an hour through the gates, so that the collector, a wounded ex-soldier, narrowly escaped injury.

"This man extended his arm to stop the car, but, as her ladyship did not slacken speed, he had to jump out of the way to avoid being knocked over. He again tried to stop Lady Petersham when she returned, but without success, those in the car making a bad business worse by laughing at him as they rushed past.

"Such behaviour by people who are supposed to set an example to their alleged social inferiors is indefensible.

The assumption that the lives of citizens attending to their business can be endangered to make things easier for a languid lady bent on pleasure savours of a blue-bloodthirstiness I should be loth to attribute to even the most class conscious of plutocrats."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that if a policeman had signalled to her to stop, his client would probably have acted differently. Fashionable ladies generally knew a good deal about Bridge calls, but might be excused ignorance of bridge tolls. It was absurd that a peeress should be delayed on her way to an important social engagement over a paltry matter of eightpence.

* * *

"It is with the broader aspects of this case that I am most concerned?" said Mr. Justice Bull. "Road hoggishness is not confined to any one class; but too many of the so-called 'Smart Set,' which on the road becomes the fast set, show an arrogant disposition to consider themselves above the law.

When their disregard for law and order extends to the lives and limbs of the 'lower orders' it becomes necessary to make it plain that rank and style is entitled to no more privileges than the rank and file.

"This latest example of garden party-manners by a laughing lady is more suggestive of the steerage than the peerage.

A lady whose conception of a fashionable 'figure' is forty miles an hour when approaching a toll bridge is clearly indifferent to both the weal and 'Whoa' of others.

"The joke was doubtless very delicious for those in the car; but, as Hamlet very nearly said, 'A woman can smile and smile and be a nuisance.'

As similar high jinks on the highway have laid many a person low, I must direct that Lady Petersham abstain from the use of petrol until she learns how to dilute it with public spirit, and develops a sense of responsibility in place of her present abnormal sense of humour."

Words Winged to Women

IS YOUR WIFE A SLAVE?

by **MABEL HORNER**

NO matter how far afield woman may be driven in her search for a livelihood, home-making, for the majority, will always be the chief job. All the more reason why the task, which lies at the very root of all happiness, should be robbed of all element of slavery.

DURING the last general election, a large company of working women were crowded into a hall listening to a speech from a woman supporter of the Conservative candidate.

The town was in the north. Through the windows could be seen the tall chimneys of vast mills belching out their never-ceasing spray of soot and smoke, and in the nearer foreground the endless rows of dreary four-roomed houses, all exactly alike.

There were no gardens, only back-yards, with the usual offices and ramshackle sheds. It seemed to be these that suddenly gave the speaker her idea, as she pictured to her audience the way in which politics, willy-nilly, invaded their home-life and even determined the way in which they did, or might do, their housework.

Clinging to tradition

"For instance," she asked, "why should every one of these houses have their own inconvenient and old-fashioned washing-day, with steam penetrating everywhere, making health and comfort impossible? Standing over steaming tubs on wet floors is not fit work for women . . . all really heavy work should be done by machinery . . . one day it will be . . ."

A pitying and incredulous smile went round at the prophecy. To these northern women the weekly wash was almost a holy ritual and any kind of interference with it unwelcome, even in prospect.

Yet, any doctor will confirm the fact that the twisting and turning of heavy clothes involved in such work is responsible for many a painful internal trouble from which women suffer, and that nothing is worse for children and grown-ups alike than the sudden chill which may be taken from cold air suddenly met after hours in a hot and steam-laden atmosphere.

Nevertheless, it is just this reluctance to change, this stupid clinging to old methods, which is responsible for housework being to-day almost as laborious and back-breaking in hundreds of thousands of cases as it was when home-making between four walls first began.

In this women are their own enemies. Science moves where they stand still. They look with a cold eye upon invention and improvement.

Sir Duncan Watson, M I E.E, J.P., Chairman of the Electricity Commission.

The work in mills and workshops, farms, laundries, shops and offices, has been transformed beyond recognition by the introduction of new methods and labour-saving machinery, but the work of cleaning and running a house moves in the same old grooves of "elbow grease, dust and drudgery."

This is the more deplorable because at last science, through the medium of politics, is preparing to bring better possibilities right up to our doors.

We are at the dawn of a new electrical age for Great Britain. The country will be divided into areas, and mammoth power stations, able to benefit even remote country districts, are coming into being.

Farming will be revolutionised. From 15 to 35 per cent. more eggs can be obtained from poultry when hen houses during the winter are heated and lighted by electricity, and bees produce 17 lb. more honey per hive when given the same treatment. Hay can be artificially dried and cured, and dairy farming operations by increased production can be made to pay for whatever the new installations may cost.

Now women must determine that in their own realm of home-making they will not be left out of this scheme of benefits. In many other countries they have been quick to see the advantages that electricity, fully used, can bring to their homes.

Why lag behind?

They have electric washers, electric irons, electric cookers and vacuum cleaners, electric power, heat and light. Nor are these things for the rich alone. In one American town, out of the houses analysed, only 183 women could hire help. The remaining 4,493 housewives did their own work and made electricity their servant.

The question is, therefore, urgent, how must women in this country set about securing electrical help for themselves?

First, it is necessary to be fully alive to the desirability. There are women on every local authority and others with votes to enforce the question.

House building must keep abreast of the new extension schemes. Houses, in whatever class or district, must be ready wired for electricity. When the day of the farthing unit comes, and it is promised, cooking, heating, washing, drying, and cleaning can all be done by electricity. And where electricity is already connected housewives can set the pace by making use of it.

In Oldham, for Wakes Week, £300,000 has been distributed from savings clubs to make everybody a joyous holiday. How many of the women, whose thrift makes possible all such savings, are able to save their own strength by even the smallest electrical contrivance that can lighten housework?

Why Not Houses for All?

by **The Rt. Hon. J. H. THOMAS, M.P.**

THERE is a feeling in certain quarters that the housing problem is solved. Nothing could be further from the truth. The cold fact is that in spite of all the building that is going on, we are not keeping pace with the ever-growing demand for new houses.

The Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, M.P.

The best authorities agree that at the end of the war there was a clear and definite shortage of houses in this country, due, of course, to the whole chain of circumstances which had operated between 1914 and 1918. Experts then estimated that in order to make good the ordinary wear and tear, 100,000 houses would have to be built every year.

But if we take the latest Government figures for the eight years following the Armistice, we find that only 768,000 houses were built—that is to say, we failed as a nation to replace the ordinary wastage, apart altogether from overtaking the shortage.

It is hardly necessary for me here to picture the housing problem as it exists in all our towns and cities to-day. It tends not only to disease and death. It leads directly to vice and immorality.

There can be no greater work in which the social reformer is justified in calling upon all Governments to lend a hand than that of solving this vital problem.

How many people realise, for instance, that the cost of sickness every year is at least £150,000,000? And how many of them realise the extent to which the housing shortage, with its resultant overcrowding and slum dwellings, contributes to that enormous sum.

Consumption, the stunted growth of our children, the loss to the earning capacity of the nation—these things are due to the lack of adequate houses.

ONE of the most valuable agencies in contributing to the solution of the problem are our building societies. By providing an attractive investment, they encourage thrift in their members. They provide a security second to none in the land. By enabling the subscriber to feel that by investing his few shillings or—it may be—his few pence a month he is directly contributing something to the solution of one of the vital problems of the day they are promoting the good of the State.

I know there will be a large number of people who will at once retort. "Ah. Here's Jimmy Thomas playing again the capitalist game and trying to create in this country an overwhelming mass of small capitalists."

WELL, all I have to say is this: I firmly believe that if every worker owned his own house there would be no better security for the State, and I certainly would picture the future with far greater satisfaction than I do now.

I observe, with pleasure and satisfaction that a large number of thrift or benefit or slate clubs are now realising the advantages of building societies as mediums for their investments. Members of these clubs should themselves insist that their money be invested in them.

In doing so, they would be contributing their quota towards solving the housing problem of their own fellow men and women.

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Human Documents

A Family Drudge

Love or Money?—A Shady Solicitor—In a Dilemma

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"I AM a girl of nineteen, and though some old-fashioned people would no doubt think that I should be contented with my lot at home, it is really a purgatory to me.

"I have two brothers and I have been brought up to consider it a privilege to do everything possible for them. They have been brought up in the same way and they take full advantage of my services.

"My father and brothers start work at seven in the morning, and I have to be up an hour earlier to prepare their breakfasts.

"I must be at their beck and call again when they come home in the evening, with the result that I have to consider myself lucky if I get six hours sleep, and all my day time is occupied in tidying up and making and mending for them.

"My father and mother seem to think that all this is just as it should be, and I get no sympathy if I complain.

"Many days I feel so fagged out and ill that I would like just to lie on my bed and rest, but father and mother have taken up Christian science and tell me that my fatigue and illness are just imagination.

"Last week I felt so bad I really could not stand it any longer. I went to a doctor, who made a thorough examination of me and told me that I was really in a dangerous state of health, and that if I hoped to live I must take things easily.

"I KNOW it is quite hopeless to expect my father and mother or my brothers to realise that between them they are killing me with overwork.

"I suppose if I went out every day like my brothers do and worked for wages they would say my employer was a heartless slave-driver.

"My heart is in music and I have gained a diploma. My music-master thinks well enough of me to say that he would send me pupils if I took up the teaching of music as a profession.

"I timidly suggested this to my mother, and I am told that to do such a thing would be a shameful neglect of my duty at home.

"I really feel bewildered. Tell me, 'Humanist,' who is right in this matter."

"HUMANIST" says: *Your parents and your brothers are utterly wrong if they consider they have any call upon your services as a natural right. If they need anyone to fetch and carry and make and mend they should be prepared to pay for her services. Ask them to pay you a decent salary, and if they refuse strike out on your own.*

* * *

"I BELONG to a tennis-club and in that club one of the members has become attracted to me. I am thirty-two years of age, a bachelor, athletic, good looking and youthful, whereas my admirer is a maiden lady nearly fifty, who would marry me, I am sure.

Mercenary Matrimony

"I like her very much, but I could not really love her, as my love was wasted on a girl when I was a youth of nineteen who has been married a long time now and has been gone from this district many years.

"I have met many of the opposite sex since, but I have never had that same longing as I experienced when I met my first love.

"I want a home and if I marry I should be in clover. My admirer has a nice house of her own and money, whereas I am poor.

"I think it is a cold-blooded business, as I do not experience that thrill, the fast beating of the heart, the excitement, the blood running swiftly when I speak to this admirer as I did to my first love.

"If I marry this lady would I be unhappy as the difference in age is so great, or do you think the fires of love which have burnt themselves out would be rekindled?

"Even if I could find love again with a young girl of no means, which is highly improbable, I could not afford to marry her. There is the opportunity of a nice home and freedom from financial worry. Shall I venture?"

"HUMANIST" says: *You seem to want to be married to be mothered and I can't help feeling that a marriage of the kind you describe would be a very mercenary affair. Your admission that you have no love only a liking for the woman answers your question. If you love money more than love marry her; if not, don't!*

* * *

"I HAVE been married seven years. For four of those years my husband has been away from me. We were married in one of the colonies and I came home leaving my husband behind.

Bidding for Freedom

"I have two darling children, both girls, one six and the other four. It is so painful to have to realise that my kiddies have never really known a father's love.

"My husband spends most of his time abroad and he seems to have involved himself in obligations with another woman.

"It was rather a shock when he came home and told me about it, but I tried to be sensible and realise that if I could not hold my man's love I might as well let him go.

"But what was I to do with the children? They must be provided for. Would you believe it, 'Humanist', my husband came to me and said he would give me £60 to be rid of me! I was staggered.

What I can't understand is that he had got a solicitor to draw up some kind of agreement which I am asked to sign and if I were to sign it it seems I would have no further call on my husband

"It does not seem right to me that I and my two little girls should be cast aside practically with nothing to live."

"HUMANIST" says: *I have heard of many cads, but your husband is about the worst. I would like you to send me the name and address of his solicitor, for he appears to be attempting to force you into a most inequitable arrangement. Ask the secretary of the Law Society in your town to introduce you to a respectable lawyer. The court would compel your husband to carry out his obligations in a very different manner.*

* * *

Penny Pleasure

POOR housewives have to count every penny they spend. Those better off can make their lives a pleasure with just their spare pennies. Send them to "The Greatest of These——" Fund. (See page 32.)

"I HAVE a married sister whose husband goes to sea and therefore does not know the kind of life his wife lives during his absence. I am a widow, my husband having been killed in a street accident a year ago. Four months after he was killed my sister gave birth to an illegitimate child.

Fruitless Deception

"Thinking to save my old mother pain, I took the child and my sister registered it as mine.

She agreed to take the child for daily walks while I was at work. I promised to say nothing about it to her husband on condition that she altered her mode of living.

"She took the child out daily for about a month and then she disappeared completely with another man, leaving me with the infant on my hands.

"Her husband is due back any day and I dread facing him. If I tell him, and it is taken to law, should I be charged with aiding and abetting wrongful declaration of birth?

"But, 'Humanist,' I did it in all good faith thinking to give the child the protection of my name and also to reform the mother.

"Should I tell, or keep silence?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Although the deception you practised was prompted by admirable motives I fear it is fruitless, for your brother-in-law must discover sooner or later his wife's infidelity. Tell him the truth as gently as you can and try to save the child from any untoward consequences of its illegitimacy.*

* * *

Missing Money

"Through carelessness I have lost £20 belonging to my employers, and I have no means of replacing it. Do you think I should go to a moneylender?"

"Humanist" says: *If you are honest there should be no need for you to involve yourself in a debt which you may find difficult to repay. Explain the circumstances to your employers. I am sure they would rather take the money back out of your salary than have you involved in usury.*

Stage Struck

"I have spent nearly £2,000 educating my son to follow my own profession and now I find that nothing will please him except to go on the stage. Can I prevent him?"

"Humanist" says: *You can't prevent him, but probably the best way to cure him of his infatuation will be to let him have his own way. A month acting and twelve months "resting" will probably cure him!*

Outstaying His Welcome

"I laid myself under a great obligation to a man during the war. He has turned up penniless and I have gladly provided him with food and lodging. The trouble is he apparently intends to make himself a fixture. I feel that I have long ago discharged my debt, but I don't quite like to tell him bluntly he is not wanted."

"Humanist" says: *Since you evidently want to be rid of him it does not matter much how bluntly you tell him so. You can, of course, put him out at any time, but a hint should be sufficient. It is evident that up to now he does not realise he is no longer welcome.*

Why this "good for you" drink *tastes* so good?

YOU will enjoy Postum for the self-same reason that you enjoy any other "great" drink—for its fine, full-bodied flavour. But, unlike most "great" drinks, Postum tastes good because it *is* good. Other drinks you like so much depend almost entirely on drugs or other harmful elements for their attraction. One day—if not immediately—you will have to pay for your enjoyment in nerves sleeplessness and digestive troubles. Postum is just wheat as a drink; roasted whole wheat slightly sweetened with pure sugar-cane syrup, transformed into tiny sparkling granules. It is so wholesome and pure that it cannot possibly do you the slightest harm, however much you drink of it. Made in a cup in a moment, it is the one good-for-you drink that is delicious enough to be drunk for its flavour alone.

GIVE IT A *REAL* TRIAL

You can't expect to discover how much better Postum is for you than are other hot drinks unless you give it a fair trial. So we suggest that you drink it every day for, say—a month. That will give you a real chance to prove how much good it does you, how much better you do feel for drinking it regularly. In order to start you on this test we will send you the first week's supply—free. *Fill in the coupon Or, if you prefer not to cut this page, copy out the coupon on a post-card.*

Instant! **POSTUM**

The Grape-Nuts Co., Ltd., Dept. BU6)
5, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

I should like to give Postum a month's trial. Please send me, free of charge and without obligation, the first week's supply.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

(Please write VERY plainly !)

POST HEALTH PRODUCTS C.W.Post

Most good grocers sell Postum in 45-cup tins for 1 7, and 90-cup tins for 2 8. These prices do not apply to Northern Ireland or to the Irish Free State.) It is one of the Post Health Products which include Grape Nuts, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes.

Fully Equipped THERMOS LUNCH CASE for 200 B.D.V COUPONS

Here's a splendid gift for all who carry food. A good-looking strong fibre attache case containing a 1-pint Thermos of the newest non-drip type and a highly-polished sandwich tin. All Free for 200 B.D.V. Coupons!

BEGIN SAVING TO-DAY.

THE GIFT COMPRISES:

Hardwearing fibre case (useful at all times).

Genuine Thermos. With non-drip lip.

Bright polished food tin.

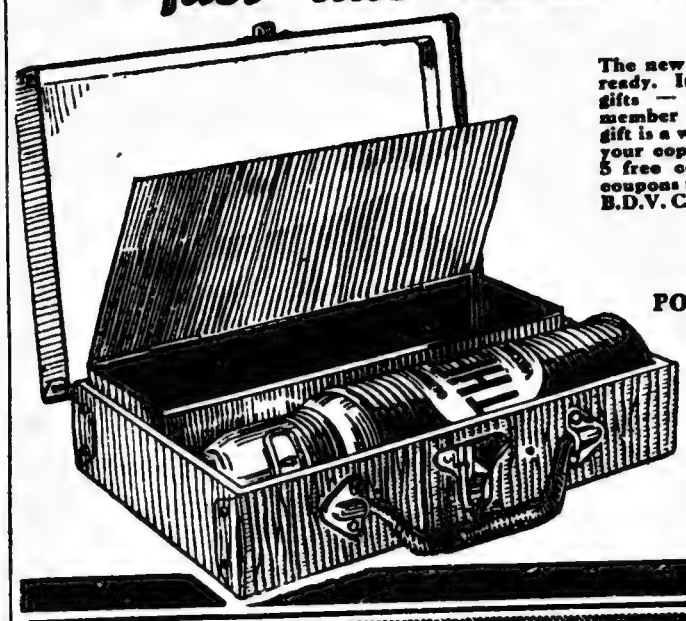
10 for 6d.
20 for 11½d.

B.D.V

Plain or Cork Tips

CIGARETTES

"—just like hand made"



The new B.D.V. Gift Book is now ready. It contains 162 wonderful gifts — something for every member of the family. Every gift is a winner. Write to-day for your copy of the gift book, worth 5 free coupons, and collect the coupons found in every packet of B.D.V. Cigarettes.

POST COUPONS TO:
GODFREY PHILLIPS, Ltd. (Gift Dept.) 54, White Lion Street, E.1

G.25

earn money at home like this

THE IMPERIA KNITTER enables you to make money in your own home with certainty and regularity, money for save if you work only now and then, money to live on in comfort if you make it your occupation. All sorts of beautiful and useful articles can be produced, from hosiery to jumpers, and even knitted costumes. We show you how to work the Imperia Knitter, and at once you can begin to earn.

We Guarantee to Buy Your Work

and pay the best rates, or you can sell to private customers and shops as well if you want to, and soon work up a sound little home business, with a sure income for life. Even in spare time it is easy to make a pound or more a week.

Don't Miss This Chance.

Call at our showrooms and see the Imperia Knitter in action. It is the latest perfection of Knitting Machines, imitated but never equalled. Its speed is wonderful, its work perfect, and it is so easy to operate. If you can't call, write for

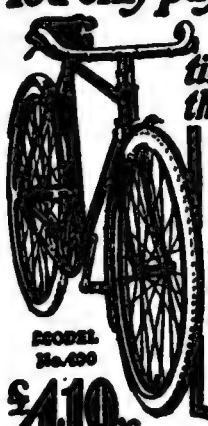
Free Illustrated Book

Read it, study it. It opens up a sure way to a regular income for man or woman.

IMPERIA HOSIERY Mfg. CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 97, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1

FOR A MEAD 400A

You only pay 2/6 *till you have ridden the bicycle a month*



Send for details of our 400A "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such easy terms. Embodies every up-to-date improvement. Brilliantly plated, richly enamelled and lined in two colours. Sent packed free: carriage paid. **Money refunded if dissatisfied.** Accessories CHEAP. Write to-day for reduced factory prices and beautiful art catalogue.

MODEL No. 400

£4 19s 6 CASH

Mead Cycle Company Ltd. (Dept. E 657), Birmingham

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Healthy Legs For All!

The Latest Gift of Science.

"I should never be able to put into words how I have suffered for 28 years, and I have been told by every doctor I should never be cured. Yet my ulcer is now completely healed, thanks to Elasto; it is wonderful."

That is an extract from a recent letter of thanks, the original of which, with many others equally enthusiastic, has been seen by JOHN BULL'S representative.

The New Elasto Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers *after every other form of treatment has failed!*

Varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, muscular weakness, phlebitis, thrombosis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, rheumatism, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs, are cured by Elasto treatment without pain, without rest, and at small cost. Elasto also cures piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries, and glands, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Elasto is the result of intensive and highly successful research work and is based on ascertained facts relating to the electro-chemical processes of the body that support life, build and repair the living tissue and serve to maintain health and vigour. It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue and is the pleasantest, the least costly, and the most effective treatment ever devised. Elasto makes all the difference!

What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in a special booklet which we will gladly send, free and post free, together with **Free Sample** and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day, **Now!** or send **5/-** for a full month's treatment with all directions (in plain wrapper) and commence your cure without delay. **The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY (Dept. 15.L), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.** *Elasto restores the Natural Power of Healing to the Blood!*

DECIDE TO-DAY to keep free from Colds & Catarrh

The Common Cold, too frequently the forerunner of more deadly diseases, is a menace to your health. Keep free from Colds and Catarrh by using Nostroline Nasal Specific. Just touch a little 'Nostroline' inside the nostrils morning and evening. Antiseptic and germicidal, 'Nostroline' prevents infection at the point of attack. Its pleasing, soothing vapours protect and heal from nostril to lung. Decide now to keep free from Colds and Catarrh. Get a 1/3 'Nostroline' from the Chemist and use it straight away. See that your loved ones use it too.

NOSTROLINE
Nasal Specific

From all Chemists. Price 1/3 & 3/-.

Stops HEAD COLDS, NASAL CATARRH, SORE THROAT and HAY FEVER.

Prevents INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA, DIPHTHERIA, MEASLES.

Free sample on request from F.40,

NOSTROLINE LABS., CLIFTON, BRISTOL

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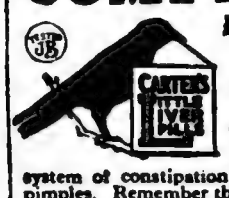


Carter's Little Liver Pills Purely Vegetable Laxative move the bowels without pain or unpleasant after-effects. They relieve the system of constipation poisons which often cause pimples. Remember they are a doctor's prescription and can be given with confidence to every member of the family. All chemists, 1/3 and 3/- packages.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Our Letter Parliament

Gulling the Workers

Labour's Lapse—Dirty Bread—Why Canada?

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

MR. E. ROFFE THOMPSON'S article, "Bubbles and Squeaks," (JOHN BULL, August 27), should make all genuine workers "squeak" to some purpose. But will it? At every trade union meeting genuine workers are compelled to listen to some blatherskite's political brag and advice, which, unfortunately for labour, is too often followed. There are few trade union leaders who have not proved to be 5 per cent. for the workers and 95 per cent. for themselves.—*John Pounds, Portsmouth.*

First Effects

For the first time I disagree with Mr. E. Roffe Thompson, when he states that the introduction of machinery necessitates the employment of more workpeople. In a mine near here, eighteen men were employed in washing and sorting small coals. A plant has been installed, which washes and separates the small coal into eight different grades. The entire plant is attended to by one man, thus displacing seventeen.—*B. Brown, Edinburgh.*

The Other Leaders

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson is unfair in confining his attack to Labour leaders. Are not all political leaders tarred with the same brush? America has always paid better wages than this country. When taxation and profiteering is killed, and the workers are not regarded as mere tools, we shall reduce unemployment. Larger output is useless unless the masses can afford to purchase at reasonable prices.—*Progress, Croydon.*

Heaven on Hire Purchase

More machinery at the present time would be a gamble. The buying capacity of our public is limited on account of low wages, and we rely more or less on export trade for profits. E. R. Thompson quotes America, but a large proportion of their output is sold on the instalment system, thereby ensuring ready sales and greater profits. The American worker's wages allow him to lay out far more than the working man over this side could do.—*A. Gosling, Aintree.*

Leaders Come Last

A few years back the membership of my trade union was close upon half a million. To-day, it stands at 220,000. The same number of full-time officials are employed, the only reduction in their salary being 10s. per week, leaving them with £7 10s., plus expenses. For quite a long time a reduced unemployed benefit has been paid at intervals only, the reason being shortage of funds.—*H. L., Liverpool.*

The High Speed Loaf

I am glad E. Roffe Thompson deals so smashingly with Ben Tillett, who talks about output and machinery reducing wages. We women who have to expend our husband's wages know it is purchasing power alone that counts. If there were not trains, steamships, or ploughs, how much would the loaf cost?—*M. K. R. Newcastle.*

The Happy Ending

E. Roffe Thompson's argument in favour of machinery has been sustained in the history of the hosiery trade. When the "Patent" machine was first introduced many of the old hand-frame workers had similar fears to those of Mr. Tillett. Now, we can see how very much their fears were unfounded, for where a few hand-frames found work for a score of people, hundreds are employed to-day in connection with the "power" machines.—*Trade Unionist, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts.*

The Paying Gull

Analyse the speeches of almost any Labour leader in this country, and you will find the truth of Mr. Roffe Thompson's statement, that he is merely an organiser of discontent. The thing most desired to-day is a better understanding between employer and worker. How can this ever come about while men like Mr. Tillett utter such balderdash concerning the introduction of machinery into industry? How much longer is the worker going to pay to be gulled?—"*Old Miner,*" *Llanhilleth.*

The Mine at Nine

The article by Mr. Philip Snowden, "Things Are Not So Bad" (JOHN BULL, August 27), is the best tonic I have had for years. We are progressing. As a boy I went to work in the coal mine at nine years old, under conditions which were indescribable. The student of industrial conditions knows how much every phase of industry has improved.—*Sixty-four, New Seaham.*

Dropping the Booty

Whether those from whom love is stolen be happily married or not, does not excuse, according to the law, the love thief, of whom Mr. Holt writes (JOHN BULL, August 27). But the law does not alter human nature. The men and women who need restraining and punishing most are those who steal affection, and abandon the booty.—*A. R., Roker.*

Battle Cries and Cruisers

In his article, "The Pet Limpet" (JOHN BULL, August 27), Mr. Gardiner calls upon the Labour party to make public economy its battle-cry. Unfortunately, public economy has not been remarkably conspicuous in Labour's past performances. One of the first things they did when in power in 1924 was to authorise the building of five cruisers. One need look no farther than borough councils with a Labour majority to see how public economy is being studiously avoided.—*Alexander L. Monk, S.E. 8.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-Crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"YORKSHIRE EVENING POST."—"In the meadows small blue butterflies, skylarks and pipits ARE SINGING."

"EVENING STANDARD":—"Atlantic Airmen in Vienna; they will be presented with GOLD MEALS at a luncheon, in their honour."

"CAMBRIDGE DAILY NEWS":—"Mr. ——— will hold his 12th annual sale of Horses, Carriages, Harness, Motor-cycles AND OTHER DEAD STOCK."

"GIRL'S MIRROR":—"The rain ceased to beat upon her, SOAKING HER THROUGH."

"DAILY MAIL":—"It was here we saw wild monkeys, bananas and oranges ROAMING ABOUT."

"BLACKPOOL GAZETTE & HERALD":—"A constable said he was on duty near the Talbot Road Station, STAGGERING ABOUT THE ROAD and had taken her to the Police station for her own safety."

"PAM'S PAPER":—"He gazed at her and saw the tears trickling FROM HER EARS."

Train Ambulances

In view of the recent terrible railway disaster in Kent, it is time our railway authorities equipped all trains with ambulance outfits. British railways are the best in the world. Why not justify this claim still further by having at hand all that is possible to alleviate the sufferings of the injured?—*J. L., Gainsborough.*

Not So Cloudy!

In search of Post Office Insurance information, I went into "Owens College" branch, Manchester, and asked for details. Without hesitation, I was handed the proper form. So Manchester seems to be ahead of the larger City of London, where I enquired in twelve offices, and received not a particle of information. I told the young ladies to get JOHN BULL.—*C. V. B., Manchester.*

A Word for Trams

I cannot understand the attitude JOHN BULL takes up with regard to tramways. Consult statistics and you will find that for safe and cheap travel the electric tram is far ahead of the 'bus. In addition to this, the tramways maintain their own track where not municipally owned, which is a great saving to the ratepayers.—*H. Grace, Dewsbury.*

Fruit-growers' Plums

At the Cape, South Africa, local fruit growers sold their fruit cheaply to Malays and Greeks who retailed it at exorbitant profits or let it rot in their shops rather than reduce prices. Some fruit growers altered this by co-operating and renting a large empty building in Cape Town, setting up stalls, and selling fruit direct to customers. Results:—better profits to themselves, fresh fruit at reduced prices to the public.—*Countryman, Norfolk.*

Now Then, Bumble!

I am a homeless pedlar and as I go round the country, on entering a workhouse casual ward for the night, am compelled to have a bath, for which I and others are most thankful. But the majority of workhouse officials greatly object to us washing our clothes even when we are using our own soap. Why? *Homeless but Clean.—Doncaster.*

Our Daily Bread

Dr. A. may prescribe white bread and Dr. B. brown; it will not make much difference to the world at large. When, however, the legislator makes pure flour and clean conditions compulsory time may usefully be given to estimating vitamin contents. The immediate need is purity of the ingredients.—*N. S., Pendleton.*

The Sands

Poor children don't get very often to the seaside. Less so the crippled. In Lytham here, they come occasionally from different parts, conveyed in private cars, kindly lent by the owners, and often driven by them. On these occasions, one can often see the car owners carry the crippled children on their shoulders to and from the beach. These are sights that are worth seeing.—*C. W., Lytham.*

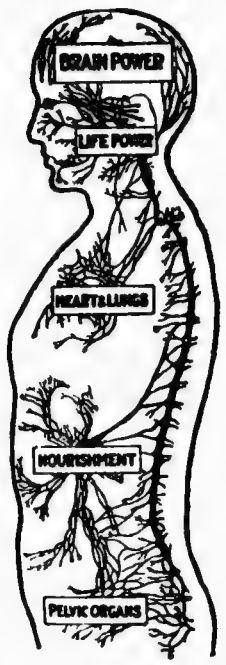
Try This First!

Speaking at a gathering in Scotland, Mr. Baldwin told his audience that Canada is a land with "unlimited possibilities." I suggest that it is just the place where Mr. Baldwin could "make good." If he could persuade the gentlemen who imagine that Scottish land is only fit for shooting estates to accompany him there, so much the better. The Scottish agricultural workers would be only too pleased to demonstrate the unlimited possibilities of their own country. —*D. S., Liverpool.*

Free to JOHN BULL Readers

25,000 7-DAYS' Trial Supplies of New Life Nerve-Nutrient with Remarkable 64-Page Illustrated Book

Stronger Nerves for All



Is ordinary food failing us under the keen stress and strain of the Nervous Life of to-day?

On all sides we see and hear of all but the vigorously youthful questioning and "studying their diet."

Enrich your Daily Diet with this Leaven of New Life for the Nerves.

What is needed is a Leaven of New Food Life for the Nerves. Modern Science has discovered this rare element of concentrated nutriment in the "Muller Nerve Nutrient."

One tablet well masticated after each of the three principal daily meals enriches ordinary food with the rarer food elements required to keep the Nerves and Brain fit to cope with the greater demands made upon their powers to-day.

Who are the Victims of "Nerves"?

THE "Nervous" are the "thoroughbreds" of humanity. Highly organised and sensitive to strain, they willingly shoulder far greater burdens than their more animal-like brothers and sisters. They are the Standard Bearers of Humanity. They have the intellectual vision and the nervous sensitiveness that make them the Leaders of the Human Race. The unselfish champion the causes of their brethren. The more individually ambitious strive ever for pecuniary profit and social advancement. Both the unselfish and the ambitious keep their eager and unresting nerves and brain ever at tension. Not for long will they allow any slackening of their Strings of Life. They work at all hours and neglect holidays. They pay the penalty of self-sacrificial over-work of their Nerves and Brain. More often than not, their Work is more to them than their Food and Rest. This disregard of the Law of Self-Preservation literally "frays" their Nerves, and causes a growingly serious leakage of their Nerve Force—with an accompanying failure to repair the undue wear-and-tear of the structure and energy-storing capacity of their Nerves.

Feed and Strengthen Your Nerves.—That is the logical way to meet the tension of to-day, and save your Nerves from collapse and bankruptcy. *But Food is not always Nourishment.* Nerve-Cells must have Food that not only contains the elements essential for their reconstruction, but in a readily easy and quickly assimilable form. Such a Food is the Muller Nutrient, which is first, last, and always a special food for the upbuilding and maintenance of strong because sound nerve-tissue.

WARNING.—Tablets that are *swallowed* are drug medicines. The Muller Nutrient is a scientific Nerve Food—*eaten and masticated* like the most nourishing of ordinary foods.

"Nerve Power" GET IT.

Symptoms of Warning to All "Living on Their Nerves."

NERVE WEAKNESS has been aptly described as "The Mystery Disease with a Thousand Symptoms." It is important not to forget that those who are "Living on Their Nerves" are living on an ever-dwindling Nerve Capital.

The following Symptoms are Nature's Urgent Warnings to live more easily, or to Restore and Preserve the Nerve Capital in accordance with the Advice and Gift Offer in this Public Announcement:—

—**DEPRESSION**, or low spirits, with fluctuating or lack of interest in the little things that interest others.
—**LACK OF ENERGY**, with inability to stick at a job calling for continued effort—sudden feelings of exhaustion.
—**SUPER-SENSITIVENESS** in matters affecting self and the feelings—trifles irritate—desire to avoid meeting one's superior—self-torturing thoughts as to the opinions of others.
—**MIND-WANDERING**—forgetfulness—indecision—futile thoughts and thinking—fickle fancies.
—**BRAIN WEARINESS**—inability to concentrate mental powers on a subject or problem for any length of time, sudden failure to memorise names or facts or figures—weakness of will—lack of self-confidence and courage—desire to put off what should be done.
—**SLEEPLESSNESS**, or unrestful sleep—desire for sleep at odd times.
—**FAILING OR VARIABLE SIGHT.**
—**NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION**—fickle food and drink fancies and appetite—feeling of fulness or sleepiness after a meal—heartburn—palpitations—rumbling noises—wind—strange taste in mouth—varying sense or loss of taste.
—**LACK OF VITAL ENERGY**—no "let's up and be doing" urge and energy—feeling that others "have all the luck" in going ahead—half-hearted feeling about most things in life—no "fire" or vigour.
—**HAUNTING SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS** of inability to make the most of oneself and of others—secret self-depreciation whilst earnestly desirous of being at one's best on critical occasions.
—**HAUNTING FEARS AND FOREBODINGS** that paralyse one's powers to promote personal profit and progress ("Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall"}—"What is there to live for?"
—**HOT AND COLD FEELINGS** at moments of excitement—fugitive neuralgic pains in various parts of the body—dull and heavy headaches—habit of self-questioning and fears as to health and future.

The foregoing are only a few of the "Self-Tortures" of those with "Nerves." Only too real to their sufferers, the latter get no sympathy from the robustly healthy, who regard "Nerves" as a mere disease of the imagination that can as easily be shaken off.

Special Gift Distribution for the Benefit of "John Bull" Readers.

QUICKLY AND LASTINGLY beneficial to Nerves-in-Need is the "Muller Nerve Nutrient." This Concentrated Food-for-the-Nerves has been adopted as a regular daily Nerve Food by thousands of persons in all parts of the world, simply on the personal evidences of its greatly helpful aid to their Nerves. Personal recommendation from one to another has played a far greater part than advertising in the present and ever-growing demand for and use of the "Muller Nerve Nutrient."

Because of this, the directors of the Muller Laboratories are undertaking a Public Gift Distribution of

25,000 7 DAYS' TRIAL BOXES with a 64-page Illustrated "Book of the Nerves."

A PERSONAL Test will prove to the satisfaction of every reader the simple and inexpensive "Muller Nutrient" way of food-building-up of the Nerves.

Let it be clearly understood that the "Muller Nerve Nutrient" is A FOOD FOR THE NERVES. It is not a drug stimulant or sedative. It does not "dope" the Nerves and Brain. It is "eaten," i.e., masticated like meat. Thus it feeds and builds up the nerves as ordinary food makes good the wear and tear of the muscle and other constituent parts of the body.

Just 2 "Safety-First" Ways for "Nerves."

THERE are TWO well-proved ways of conserving the health and easeful efficiency of the Nerves, namely:—

1. To "take things easy," so as not further to overtax the Nerves, or
2. To extra-nourish the Nerves with a larger proportion of their rarer reparative elements than can be extracted from ordinary food, and such as is now obtainable by the addition of "Muller's Nerve Nutrient" to the ordinary daily food.

If the reader is already troubled with "Nerves," the need for this extra-nourishment of the nerve structure and energy is an urgent duty to self.

A Free Personal Test.

Test the priceless value of the "Muller Nutrient" Way of Scientific Nerve-Restoration and Preservation. Write for the Free 7-Days' Trial Supply and 64-Page Illustrated "Book of the Nerves." The cost is nothing beyond postage and the slight effort of writing.

The 25,000 Presentation Packages are now waiting to be addressed and posted to applicants.

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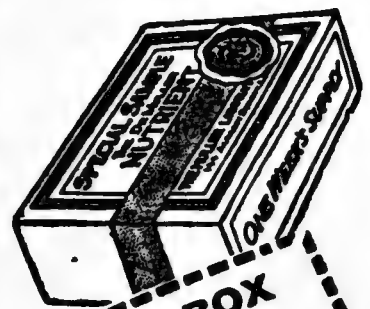

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THE BIG AUTUMN DOUBLE

Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire Handicaps—Candidates with Good Chances—French Form, a Warning—Selections for Doncaster and Alexandra Park

THE weights for the big autumn handicaps, the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, are now the big topic amongst punters: those who indulge in betting on "futures" will find the lists of entries intriguing.

THE Aga Khan's French-bred Dark Japan, a brilliant long-distance horse, has been allotted top-weight, 9st. 4lb., in the Cesarewitch, with Finglas, another one bred in France, taking the second position with 1 lb. less. Forseti is given 8 st. 6 lb., and no doubt his owner, Mr A. K. Macomber, is again keen on winning the event with his aged horse.

IN the Cambridgeshire M. M. Boussac's four-year-old colt Asterus shares the honours with Dark Japan and the Maharaja of Rajpipla's Embargo.

IT is yet early days to make predictions, and at this juncture I shall not venture to do so, though the five-year-old Try Try Again, in the Cesarewitch with 7 st. 3 lb. takes my eye. This one was successful in the Goodwood Stakes with 7 st. 10 lb., and is, in my opinion, a very bright candidate for the "Ces."

H. Leader, who trains Try Try Again

ORBINDOS, a four-year old, my selection for the Peveril of the Peak Plate at Derby, which was beaten three-quarters of a length by Fohanaun, is a consistent animal, and I think he has a nice chance in the Cambridgeshire with 7 st. 9 lb. Fohanaun is penalised 5 lb. for his win at Derby.

WEISSDORN, Baron Oppenheim's entry, with 8 st. 4 lb., will interest many speculators; he would appear to be fairly well in, and there will be many who will throw in their lot with the German horse. He is a very genuine animal.

MY French correspondent suggests that it is policy to ignore Asterus for the time being. It may be that Asterus will be taken out of all engagements; in any case readers will be well advised to mark time with the horse for the present.

THE French two-year-old crack, Balmoral, was beaten easily enough at Deauville, and the result only emphasises the warning already given about paying attention to the fluky form of the Yarmouth of French racing.

OTHER results at Deauville and Ostend are being trumpeted as having a bearing on the autumn handicaps on this side, but it is safest to forget Ostend and Deauville form when weighing up the chances of horses over here at the back end.

I DO not say that horses performing at these places are unlikely to win in England, but their form on the other side is not a fair guide to their merit, and it is better to judge them by other performances.

THURSDAY'S racing at Doncaster includes the Wharncliffe Handicap, and a bit on Mr. Sol Joel's Sunderlad is advised. On Friday Gifted may be a reasonably good each-way bet in the Town Moor Handicap.

SATURDAY brings us to "Ally Pally," the popular North London venue, and I suggest that it will be a Wootton day; Author is a probable winner, and the trainer's selected in the September Handicap should be there or thereabout. Lt.-Col. R. B. Johnson's Melgo is my fancy for the Hampstead Nursery Handicap.

TOBOGGAN, the aptly-named daughter of Hurry On and Glacier, did the Code a good turn when winning the Champion Breeders' Foal Plate at Derby. Lord Derby's filly led all the way and won quite comfortably. She had previously shown useful form at Kempton Park in her first race, filling third place to Maquillage and Silver Lark.

THE Code tip for the Friary Plate at Derby also obliged. Tetrachord, a fast filly by Tetrameter, was artistically handled by Graves who had the race in safe keeping all the way. Tetrachord will win again.

A SMART filly to follow is Nanka. In a two-year-old "seller" at the last Hurst Park fixture, she won easily in heavy going for the little stable at Winchester presided over by Bryans. She was ably ridden by Dobie, who used to ride for Crawford's stable, and is one to watch. The stable bought her in for 600 guineas.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers :—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.

U A D F I C S Z B O K G E T

N H J 2 Q Y 3 M R V L X W P

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. RNYL2H3P would read BUCKFAST.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, September 7, to Tuesday, September 13.

Hot Dogs to Follow

THE elimination process in connection with the big races of the season is having a curious effect on form.

DOGS with, now, almost national reputations are not winning as regularly as they are expected to do, and this is the moment when the "smaller fry" should be followed.

FOR instance, Ribbons, Munster, Rookwood, Odd Bob, Brass Band, Bring Luck, and Wanda at the White City Kennels provide an interesting combination of runners with distinct possibilities.

IT is the same at Manchester, where judicious investments on Nineteenth Number, Harlequin, Wayward Fancy, Sudbourne Swoop, Fair Happy, and Ruth may prove profitable.

AT the Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh, Docking Diamond, Rivet, Cautious Lady, Scattered Scarlet are good enough to win even on English tracks, where the competition is, perhaps, more severe.

BLACKPOOL enthusiasts should not let many opportunities pass of backing such dogs as Black Bead, Cross Jack, Regulation, Hidden Stroke and Kind Rebel.

AND, similarly, at Leeds, Beehive Lad, Raspberry, Bell Ringer, Jazz Dance, and Broken Hill are good enough now to win at any time.

THE competition at Liverpool is becoming more severe every day, but May Dawn, Shaun Martin, Cuddlesome, Cheerful Pal, and Marble Tout should be carefully considered when a serious investment is intended.

THAT good dog, Low Brow, has been doing fine things at the White City, and he is one who can always be relied upon to do his best. He is no roamer, for when racing he knows the business he is about and often cuts in on the rails to beat his rivals. Low Brow gets his smartness from his sire, Jamie, who was a great courser.

"Soccer"

WEEK-END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Aston Villa, Blackburn, Oldham, Bradford, Stockport, Plymouth.
5 HOME.—Everton, Leeds, Norwich, Plymouth, Celtic.
4 HOME.—Bradford, Stockport, Celtic, Hearts.
3 AWAY.—Preston, Rochdale, Dundee.
3 DRAWS.—Manchester U. v. Newcastle, Port Vale v. Hull, Halifax v. Bradford C.
3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Bradford, Plymouth, Celtic, Manchester C., West Bromwich.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Plymouth, Preston, Partick v. Glasgow Rangers.
SPECIAL 5 HOME (League I. and II.).—Aston Villa, Blackburn, Leeds, Notts Co., Oldham.

FORECASTS FOR SEPTEMBER 17.

THE LEAGUE (DIVISION I.).
HOME WINNERS.—Birmingham, Burnley, Bury, Huddersfield, Leicester, Liverpool, Newcastle, Portsmouth.

BEST FOOTBALL REPORTS IN
"The Sporting Life"
2d. Daily.

Selections

AWAY WINNER.—Sunderland.
DRAWS.—Middlesbrough v. Blackburn, The Wednesday v. Bolton.

THE LEAGUE (DIVISION II.).
HOME WINNERS.—Bristol C., Fulham, Hull, Preston, Southampton, Stoke, Swansea, West Bromwich Albion.
AWAY WINNER.—Chelsea.
DRAWS.—Manchester C. v. Leeds, Notts. F. v. Notts Co.

THE LEAGUE (DIVISION III.—Northern).
HOME WINNERS.—Chesterfield, Durham, Hartlepools, Lincoln, Southport, Wrexham.
AWAY WINNERS.—Doncaster, Halifax, Rochdale.
DRAWS.—Accrington v. Darlington, Bradford C. v. Bradford.

THE LEAGUE (DIVISION III.—Southern).
HOME WINNERS.—Exeter, Gillingham, Luton, Millwall, Queen's Park Rangers, Swindon.
AWAY WINNERS.—Northampton, Plymouth.
DRAWS.—Crystal Palace v. Brighton, Newport v. Bristol Rovers, Walsall v. Norwich.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
HOME WINNERS.—Dundee, Falkirk, Hamilton, Hibs, Queen's Park, Glasgow Rangers.
AWAY WINNERS.—Celtic, Motherwell.
DRAWS.—Clyde v. Aberdeen, Raith Rovers v. Partick.

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Cured by Famous Vegetable Remedy

For years Mrs. M. Geary, of 86, Alexandra Road, Newport, suffered from liver trouble and constipation, severe pains across the back and loins, and after exertion—violent palpitation. She says: "At night I hardly ever slept, and during the day had giddy sensations. Then a trial of Bile Beans convinced me they were something different. Bile Beans regulated my bowels without purging and griping. The distressing symptoms disappeared as I took Bile Beans, and to day I feel a different woman."

Mrs. Geary's daughter Mary was cured of two years' Anæmia by Bile Beans. She says:—"I felt absolutely lifeless, had headaches, constipation and no appetite. Bile Beans quickly restored my health and vitality, and my cheeks recovered their rosy colour." 1/3 and 3/- in sealed boxes only of all chemists and Stores. Bile Beans are never sold loose.

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UNFAILING WAY THAT COSTS NOTHING.

To have healthy hair is mainly a matter of scalp stimulation which keeps the roots and follicles free from dandruff. This is so important that hair beauty is impossible without it; yet to-day hundreds of women are losing all trace of hair health because they deny their scalps this necessary stimulation. The secret of scalp stimulation is in your own hands and costs you nothing—brush your hair vigorously night and morning. This will keep it healthy and in good condition, but to repair the damage of the past and give your hair new beauty, to make it really lovely, you must use Lavona Hair Tonic, too, which contains a special ingredient that feeds the hair-roots and nourishes your scalp so that rich-toned gleaming hair replaces disappointing tresses. Lavona Hair Tonic costs only 1s. 6d. from any chemist, and you get a free shampoo and definite guarantee of satisfaction or money back as well. Get a package of Lavona Hair Tonic to-day and see for yourself how true its beauty secret is.

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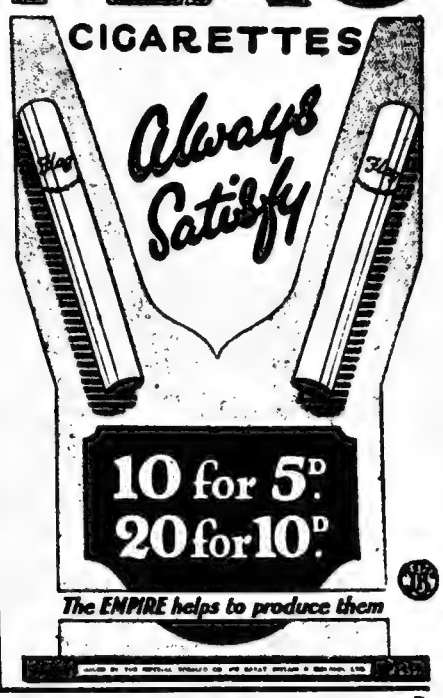

The EMPIRE helps to produce them

What is Catarrh?

An insidious scourge—how to recognise it—its effect on general health—how to get rid of it quickly, pleasantly, certainly.

Doctors say that four out of five people suffer from some form of catarrhal trouble. Doctors say, moreover, that it is an insidious scourge whose presence is often quite unsuspected by its victim, but whose effects are all the more serious because they are consequently allowed to go unchecked.

What is Catarrh?

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane. Usually it begins with a simple cold in the head. Commencing in the nostrils, it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the head, the nose, the throat, the lungs and stomach. Thence it spreads its poison through the blood all over the body, sapping the bodily energy and weakening the powers of resistance to disease and germ-spread illnesses.

This diagram shows how the catarrhal infection spreads into all the minute passages and channels of the respiratory system, till the inflamed tissues choke the tiny airways.

How to Know Catarrh.

If you catch one cold after another; if your eyes are inflamed and watery; if there is a huskiness of the voice; if there is a constant discharge from the nose, forming scabs, or the dropping of phlegm into the throat, causing frequent spitting of white, yellowish or greenish mucus, with an offensive breath; if there is difficulty in breathing with the mouth closed, or loss of the sense of smell or taste, you may know you have catarrh. If you have catarrh of the throat, you will feel hoarseness, sore throat, weakness of voice, frequent desire to clear throat, etc. Catarrhal deafness brings failure of hearing, noises in the head, ringing, roaring and popping. None of these symptoms should be neglected, because it cannot be too strongly urged that catarrh will spread its ill-effects through the whole of your body.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

Having seen how catarrh inflames the membranes in all the minute passages and channels, it is evident that the only way to effect a remedy is to employ some healing element which can actually reach the parts that are infected. Obviously ointments cannot do this, not can liquid sprays reach more than the outer parts, while no stomach medicine can affect the passages of throat and nose.

Fortunately there is one remedy which is not only unfailingly effective in penetrating to every affected part, but is also exceedingly pleasant. It is put up in the form of delicate cigarettes containing no tobacco, cubebs or habit-forming drugs, but made of aromatic herbs, leaves and flowers and called, after the famous U.S. Specialist who discovered them, Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes. The healing properties of these herbs and flowers are carried by the act of smoking into every nook and cranny of the respiratory system, where they soothe the inflamed tissues and banish all trace of catarrhal trouble in a very short time. This diagram shows clearly how the healing vapours of Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes reach every part that could possibly be affected.

How to Prove It.

If you think you have the slightest trace of any catarrhal trouble, colds, asthma, bronchitis, etc., etc., just send a post-card or the coupon below and we will send you, without cost to you, a few of the actual Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for you to try. We make this offer in all sincerity, and you would be wise to take advantage of it now, before this paper gets mislaid. When you have proved them yourself, you can get further supplies at any chemist's. Boots, Taylors and all progressive chemists have a supply.

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Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 W.F.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C. 4.

Please send by post your Trial Package containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes, that I may try them free of charge.

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Here's a way for YOU to earn quite a lot of money. All the people you know, and many you don't know, will want Christmas Cards—why shouldn't you sell them and get the profit. Anybody who thinks it is not worth their while to take up a Christmas Card Agency has never dealt with us. Our Agents come back to us year after year, and we have hundreds of letters from highly satisfied agents.

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but unless it is treated **at once,** Venereal Disease develops horrible complications, is increasingly difficult to cure, and handicaps your whole life.

Anyone who has been exposed to infection should realise that even one day's delay makes cure more difficult and less certain. Consult your own doctor directly disquieting symptoms appear, or go to the Out-Patients' Department of the nearest hospital for free confidential advice.

Full information free (in plain cover) may be obtained from the Hon. Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council Incorporated, Dept. P., Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James' Park Station), and his advice will be available free at this address on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

Six useful booklets for parents, 1s. 5d. the set. Four useful booklets for girls, 9d. the set. Six useful booklets for young men, 1s. 4d. the set, all post free, in plain cover.

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IMMEDIATE DELIVERY of this superb "ABBEY" Model Gold Medal Piano

for £1 down

Don't miss this opportunity of securing this beautiful instrument for only £1 down. It will be delivered free to your home immediately. It is a really high-class, fine-toned and handsome instrument and will be a life-long source of pride and pleasure to you and your family. Good players admire and envy its exquisite touch and musical tone. Children and others learning to play on this Piano will cultivate a true sense of harmony and a good touch.

Write at once for Free Catalogue "R."

It gives a full description of this lovely "Abbey" Model Gold Medal Piano, with a large photo engraving showing the beauty of the design and appearance, and other particulars of this handsome instrument.

10 Years' Warranty.

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Do not delay, as only a limited number of these Pianos are ready for immediate delivery. CALL if you can and SEE and HEAR this Upright Grand "Abbey" Gold Medal Piano. Or WRITE for CATALOGUE "R"—FREE.

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is given with the "Abbey" Gold Medal Upright Grand Piano. It is made by a leading London Firm of High-Class Piano Manufacturers. The very finest materials and craftsmanship (no cheap mass production labour) are employed—hence the 10 Years' Warranty. This Piano is Ideal for Solo Playing and Song and Dance Accompaniments.

TRIUMPH AUTO, LTD.

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JOHN BULL Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

* * *

THE only real friend is one to whom you can confide your troubles with the certainty of getting sound advice. Thousands of readers each year discover what a good friend JOHN BULL'S *Free Advice Service is to them. Why not try it yourself—you only need a stamped addressed envelope?*

G. L. (Shrewsbury).—"The devil will get all liars." Then he'll have to have his premises enlarged.

Miss G. (Bradford).—"I had my picture in a London paper last week." What were you cured of?

JACK (S.E. 20).—"I am a believer in dreams." But wait until you marry one!

ACTRESS (Rochdale).—"I sold kisses for £1 each at the bazaar." One always expects to get cheated at bazaars.

F. W. O. (Luton).—"I never look at London's ugly monuments." Then how do you know they are ugly?

L. N. (Morecambe).—"My voice is like an organ." We trust it has as many stops.

Mrs. B. (Ilkeston).—"I teach my children to be seen and not heard." Going to make them all film actors?

N. V. (Newcastle).—"I took my dog to the theatre." Watch out for the R.S.P.C.A.

M. M. (Llanelly).—"His gold presentation watch now has a silver case." Well, circumstances alter cases.

E. B. (Nottingham).—"A man who deceives his wife is a fool." We should call him a remarkably clever fellow.

JESSIE (Westcliff).—"I laugh at what prudes say about my bathing costume." You don't care a wrap, in fact.

MARY (Malton).—"Not for one moment would I submit to a man's kiss." How about five minutes?

WIDOW (Tunstall).—"The lawyer got all the money. What shall I do?" Marry the lawyer.

N. R. (Southsea).—"This is the time of the year to pinch buds." But don't let the keepers catch you at it.

POET (Greenwich).—"My works will be published only after my death." We wish you long life.

T. H. R. (Hoxton).—"I mean to get to the top in the world." Then you'll have to get to the bottom of things.

G. W. (Kendal).—"I don't agree with you." Quite right. Even your letters give us a headache.

G. F. (Leeds).—"My wife is simply dumb whenever I come into the house." You ought to be able to make a fortune selling your secret.

T. Y. (Folkestone).—"My friends all call me a good fellow." Then you are in danger of becoming a good-for-nothing fellow.

G. F. (Roehampton).—"Do you agree with a recent statement that 'jazz music comes from the devil!'" Well, we agree that it's an infernal row.

MAY (Southport).—"I have seen twenty summers." You must be old!

R. E. S. (Frome).—"My wife often talks to herself." Won't you listen?

K. S. (Luton).—"Talk is cheap." Yet language is often extravagant.

R. H. L. (Pershore).—"What state is Chicago in?" Terrible.

J. L. (Iver).—"All of my forebears were tremendous men." Half of ours were women.

F. D. (Shetland).—"I like the English climate." Then take it, and welcome.

N. J. (Hanbury).—"Is there any good in hard-boiled eggs?" Not when they waste our time with silly questions.

M. F. A. (Harrogate).—"What really causes the curative properties of Spa-water?" Judicious advertising.

J. N. C. (Bradford).—"My new fire-lighters are the best thing out." But what are they like when they're in?

S. O. (Taunton).—"My horse will outstay a small motor when I really tell him to gee." Whizz!

K. B. (Colchester).—"If you don't print this I'll never buy another paper." If we did we shouldn't sell another.

J. H. (Leeds).—"He sold me a most indifferent motor horn." It didn't give a hoot, we suppose.

S. M. (Stafford).—"What is the difference between red and auburn hair?" The social position of its possessor.

"TYKE" (Stokesley).—"The best English cheeses come from Wensleydale." Do you mean they speak for themselves?

B. G. (Wallasey).—"My son turns up his nose at work." Turn up your sleeves at him.

W. J. (Middlesbrough).—"Chasing gold is a fine art." Catching it is a miracle.

B. H. (Bradford).—"I am utterly worn out." Dodging work is the hardest of labour.

R. O. (Swanwick).—"Did you say 'mad!' when you read this letter?" Yes—only backwards.

Mrs. J. (Newkirk).—"Women are becoming splendidly athletic." They always were good at jumping to conclusions.

Miss T. (Lightcliffe).—"My neighbour was chased by a hornet and I laughed till I cried." It *was* enough to make a cat laugh.

Mrs. A. (Blackpool).—"There are things which can prevent happiness in any marriage." Only they're usually called women.

J. L. P. (Birmingham).—"My only resources are three helpful daughters." Then you won't want to husband your resources.

Miss J. (Maida Vale).—"I am going to marry a man who for three years has been my taxi-driver." You think it will come cheaper?

JACK D. (Cambridge).—"I can't understand why some chaps can't get on though they're as quick as motors." They're probably too full of cranks and not self-starters.

J. C. D. (Esher).—"In spite of her dishonesty and incompetence our late maid asked us to give her a character." Naturally, as she hadn't got one of her own.

R. P. (Penge).—"Do you know where I learnt to dive?" In the water?

E. R. (Jarrow).—"My doctor keeps ducks." Don't quacks annoy him?

R. S. (Sarrat).—"I have recently taken to glasses." Above or below the nose?

E. D. (Glasgow).—"He is working himself to death." A silly way to earn a living.

M. W. (Darlington).—"I started my career bare-footed." Did you ever know of a baby born with boots on?

L. Y. (Taunton).—"She's not beautiful, but she is very attractive." Is her father very rich?

JANE D. (Rhondda).—"I am going to let my hair grow." It would puzzle you to stop it.

B. T. (Hammersmith).—"The air is filled with contamination." But you can always take the ear-phones off.

E. B. D. (Preston).—"Women shouldn't make fools of men." No, they should make men of fools.

T. T. (Wandsworth).—"Did you ever eat snails at a restaurant?" No, but we've often been served by them.

A. A. (Sheffield).—"The Charleston was danced in ancient Egypt." An unrecorded plague!

H. G. N. (Yeovil).—"Though I write verse, my hair is close-cropped." Then how do people know you are a poet?

A. S. D. (Bradford).—"To judge by appearances, he was honest." And by disappearances, he wasn't?

ROSE (Oldham).—"I'll marry a perfect man or nobody." You said it the second time.

R. V. (Sunderland).—"I prefer the old songs." We also—so few people sing them.

L. A. (Predwell).—"The evenings are drawing in." A similar phenomenon was observed about this time last year.

T. C. (Sheffield).—"Can I insure against twins?" Certainly. You can win one of the twin £1,000 prizes offered in *Bullets* this week.

A. W. (Wanstead).—"A man's garden reflects his character." At that rate, there are many men without characters at all.

G. M. (Chelsea).—"Are card games allowed in the House of Commons?" We understand not, but there is often a lot of shuffling going on.

A. P. (Napton).—"I have written a series of articles for publication in your paper." The latter part of your statement is based on a misapprehension.

T. R. (Barmouth).—"I am a great admirer of the King." Then why didn't you put his portrait on the top right-hand corner of your envelope?

C. E. (Trafford Park).—"Would you see me if I rolled up at your office?" If you arrived in that state—decidedly not.

NORA (Colchester).—"I'd driven the car a couple of miles before I realised I'd left my repair outfit behind." This should teach you always to keep a spare handbag in the tool-box.

JOHN McG. (Glasgow).—"I told him I'd never pay him sixpence for a wee packet of sulphur." Did he recommend you to go where you'll find it much cheaper?

H. M. (Teddington).—"I'll send my wife to talk to you about it." Coward!

T. C. (Aylesbury).—"Gramophones are now made very tiny." And tinny.

T. E. (Goole).—"Marriage is not to be undertaken lightly." It's a gamble—not a gambol.

L. B. (Swanage).—"Most children are very smart." And some should be made to."

GEO. F. (London, N.).—"I got an awful fright on my wedding-day." You shouldn't talk about her like that.

B. T. (Highgate).—"I spent £5 in a very short space of time." Did you pull the communication cord?

T. S. (Oxford).—"Why is a motor-car called 'she'?" Because her gear is frequently changed.

L. P. (Waring).—"I once wrote a play the critics got very heated about." Then it couldn't have been a frost.

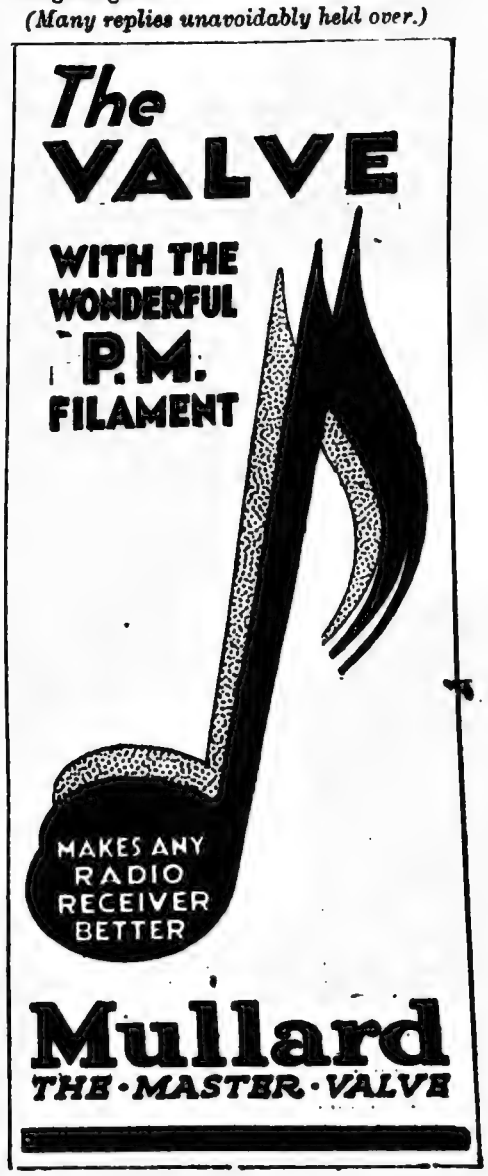
T. P. (Chertsey).—"If you have money you can make money." Providing you investigate before you invest.

T. B. (Ramsgate).—"I am writing this letter on the beach." We thought so. About a pint of beach fell out of the envelope.

F. G. S. (Ludgate Hill).—"I know the Latin names of all the flowers in my garden." But we wouldn't dare print what you call the weeds.

MOLLY A. (Leeds).—"Two men called and said the absent family told them to fetch the piano away." Whereas we bet the absent family never thought of anything so good.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)



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...Thinness	...Rheumatism	...Stomach Disorders
...Pimples	...Nervousness	...Increased Height
...Insomnia	...Constipation	...Muscular Development
...Overweight	...Short Breath	

Name .....

Age..... Occupation.....

Street .....

City.....

"*The Greatest of These . . . . . .*"

The Sleep of Pain

An Old Soldiers' Pathetic Plight

SOME of the most pitiable cases of distress among ex-Service men which are brought to our notice are those in which old soldiers ultimately find themselves suffering from disabilities for which the Ministry of Pensions is unable to accept responsibility.

One of these cases is that of a man who, though he was the mainstay of a large family, put everything aside to answer the call to arms in the hour of his country's need, and was badly wounded on the battlefield.

For a time he received all the care and compensation which the regulations made possible. As the immediate effect of his wounds disappeared, however, his pension was gradually reduced until it ceased altogether.

Then a fresh complication ensued. He contracted that mysterious and painful malady known as "sleepy sickness."

The effect of this has been terrible. Once so strong and energetic, the poor fellow finds himself at thirty years of age a weak shadow of his former self, unable to work and in continual physical and mental agony as he watches the painful struggles of his family to support him.

The disease is one which is admittedly baffling some of the cleverest medical men in the country, and it is difficult to suggest treatment with any hope of permanent relief.

All that can be done at the most is to make the poor fellow as comfortable as possible and to relieve his mind of the continual anxiety which he suffers owing to the terrible straits of poverty to which his family has been reduced.

He lives in hope that time may ultimately effect a cure and "The Greatest of These——" Fund has helped to encourage him and brighten his outlook by removing a part, at least, of his financial embarrassment.

Send us pence, shillings or pounds that we may continue in increasing measure to brighten the lives of war sufferers whose plight is apt to be forgotten.

All donations are devoted to relief without any deduction whatever for administration expenses.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Mr. C. Simpson, (Stratford-on-Avon), 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; M. L. (N. Lambeth), 5s.; A. Thom (Aberdeen), 10s.; Y. L. C., 1s.; Anon. (Bolton), 6d.; A Friend, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Lansley (Newbury, Berks), 1s.; A. L. W. (Frome), 1s.; C. E. G. (Chad), 2s.; Forest-Sider (Epping), 5s.; A. R. Hanick (Mitcham), £1 10s.; Fanny (Dalton), 2s. 6d.; Lena, 5s.; J. E. S., 1s.; Cam Highs, 5s.; April Showers (Exmouth), 1s.; W. Fox, 1s.; Mrs. Wm. Stewart, 2s. 6d.; Two Brothers, 25 per cent. of Winnings (Peckham), 4s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; J. H.44, 1s.; J. and G. W., 5s.; F. M. (Leeds), 2s.; Masic (Dukar), 2s.; Mr. Percy Hewitt, 7s. 6d.; H. & M. T. (Weekly Pennies), 2s. 6d.; Doreen, 6d.; M. J. M. (Lambhill), 5s.; With Love (Leeds), 1s.; Liver, 2s.; A. E., 1s.; E. K. (Bradford), 2s.; Anon. (Bollington), £1; Mr. David Knight, 6s.; With Love, 1s.; Bosser (Birmingham), 2s.; Unemployed Brum (my ninth), 4d.; C. A. C. (B'head), 6d.; G. F. Lurcock (Ramsgate), 10s.; R. B., 1s.; B. (Brighton), 1s. 6d.; H. B. (S.W.5), 1s.; F. L. D., 1s.; Mr. P. Hoadley (Bournemouth), 9d.; Mrs. Lifely (Frome), 1s.; S. B. (Woking), 1s. 6d.; Edith Perry, 3d.; Ardent Bulleteer (Nottingham), 6d.; Toby, 1s.; S. Y. F., 1s.; Pinkie, 7s.; E. A. Balderstone (Nantwich), 2s. 6d.; W. J. Kingsbury (Strood), 2s. 6d.; S. T. (Stainforth), 1s.; C. Call, 2s. 6d.; M. S., 5s.; Late R.E. (Thornton Heath), 1s.; Mr. F. Pattenden, 4½d.; One Who Has Suffered (Hayes), 2s.; Unlucky, 2s.; Anon. (Preston), 1s. 6d.; Mr. T. Dodd (Wrexham), 1s.; S. F. Duke (Maidstone), 1s.; Miss E. Hopkins (Cosham), 1s. 6d.

A Bird in the Hand

Gifts Worth Having

"TOOLS to those who can use them," is a well-known slogan capable of many different forms of application.

For instance, a man of means, though unable to play a note, may buy a Stradivarius violin and keep it behind glass because in any case, it is a very choice and valuable thing to possess. His descendants may benefit, but he himself can make no use of it.

Meanwhile, real talent may be starving in an attic because the man able to make real music cannot get hold of an instrument capable of producing pure music.

What sensible man, in such a case, would not prefer that the tool should be in the hands of the man who is able to use it?

This, in more mundane and everyday affairs, is the adjustment JOHN BULL makes with the system of registration for Free Insurance. The man who registers is the man who benefits.

And, as every harassed worker knows, when sudden disaster comes, a cheque in the hand may prove a very much greater blessing than a huge sum passing on to someone else when he is dead.

Moreover, the JOHN BULL Free Insurance Scheme is exceptionally comprehensive. It includes no fewer than twenty-one distinct and individual benefits, as witness the following unusual cases.

Mr. G. H. Gould, of the Glebe Farm, Easton, near Wickham Market, is a farmer in a small way, but very well known and respected in the district.

Came a storm, and the house and outbuildings at Glebe Farm were struck by lightning. The place is isolated, and although the home was saved, Mr. Gould suffered heavily by the destruction of his stock-in-trade.

He had not given sufficient thought to the necessity of taking out insurance policies, but he was a registered reader of JOHN BULL.

He made application, and after assessment received a really handsome sum. The man who read the paper and signed his name was the man who drew the money which enabled him to take heart and start again.

Similarly, Mrs. A. E. Byron, of 28, Thomas Street, Glossop, never gave a thought to the possibility of her house being struck by lightning.

Yet one day, while neighbours' homes stood unaffected, came a vivid flash that struck the roof, causing a collapse of chimneys and ceilings which damaged severely Mrs. Byron's household goods.

Ordinary fire policies do not cover cases such as this, but Mrs. Byron was a registered reader of JOHN BULL

She received a cheque which enabled her comfortably to repair the damage caused.

HOLIDAYS!

Important Notice to Registered Readers

To remain qualified for the benefits offered under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance Gift, readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they purchased JOHN BULL whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagent to recommence the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL immediately on their return.

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Many ointments come and go, but LION OINTMENT has proved its worth **FOR 80 YEARS.** It is the old reliable remedy, the household standby in scores of thousands of families, all round the world, for:—

Abscesses, Bad Legs, Boils, Carbuncles, Ulcers, Old Wounds, Whitlows, Piles, Eczema, Ringworm, Polypus.

It acts gently but very firmly—always bringing OUT the poison first, and then forming a clean new healthy skin **from underneath.** Perfectly safe for infants. Use it wherever lancing or cutting is threatened; and keep it also in the house for Cuts, Burns, Bites, Chilblains, etc.

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From all Chemists, 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box.

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Write for copy of health hints. Send postcard to Edwin Burgess, Ltd., 59c, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

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When you find yourself exhausted after your day's work, and too unfit to do anything in your leisure hours; when you feel very tired at night and yet cannot sleep, it means that your store of nerve force is seriously depleted. Failure to take prompt steps to remedy the trouble may lead to a serious nervous breakdown.

This loss of nerve force is due to malnutrition of the nerves; in a word, they are being starved. The treatment is really quite simple; you must nourish your nerves with the one food they need—new rich blood. Nothing so surely renews the supply of strong red blood as Dr. Williams' pink pills; that accounts for their success in so many cases of nerve trouble that have refused to yield to other treatments.

So if you are a victim of nerve exhaustion, begin Dr. Williams' pink pills at once; you will thus soon free yourself from depression, irritability and headaches, and regain your natural buoyancy of spirits. All chemists sell these pills, 3s. 0d. box. Ask for Dr. Williams' pink pills—nothing else will do.

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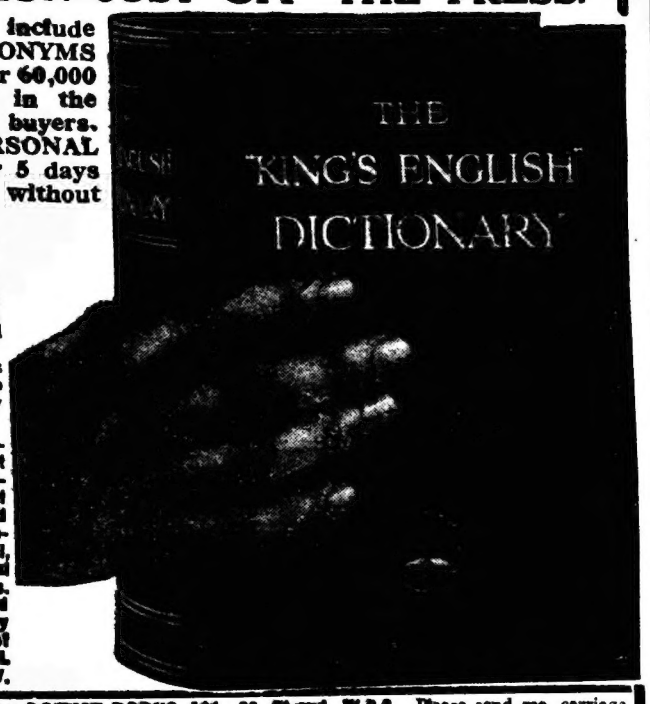

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Do you know that when the hair falls out, or comes out on the comb, the roots DO NOT come out also? They remain in the scalp, and in very many cases can be invigorated and aided to grow new hair again even after a long time, by using Kotalko.

Mr. A. Brown, of Hackney, is but one of the big legions of users of Kotalko who has proved this to be true.

"This time last year," he states, "**I was completely bald.** My hair had fallen out in patches, and even medical treatment failed to arrest the baldness. Finally, **I had not a hair on my head.**

"I then used Kotalko, and the results have been amazing. **My friends marvel at the complete new hair growth** which was brought on by the use of Kotalko.

"I have waited twelve months to make sure the new hair growth would be lasting, and I am pleased to send my photograph to prove that it is."

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If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or actually bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

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Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

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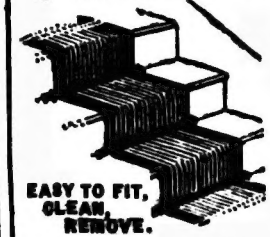
Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 2

NEAT & FIRM — LABOUR SAVING

INVISIBLE EYE PATENT STAIR RODS



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EASY TO FIT, CLEAN, REMOVE.

Inexpensive and permanent.

Unquestionably the best method of securing a stair-carpet. Made with either Flat or Rounded Front, in lengths 22 to 36 in. Also English Oak, Jacobean Ornamental Rods in lengths 24in., 27in., 30in., 33in. Full particulars can be obtained from

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Made at the Wood Working Mill's of the Non-Choker Heater Co., Ltd., Salford, Manchester

CORNS?

The Best step to take

is a foot-bath with—

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

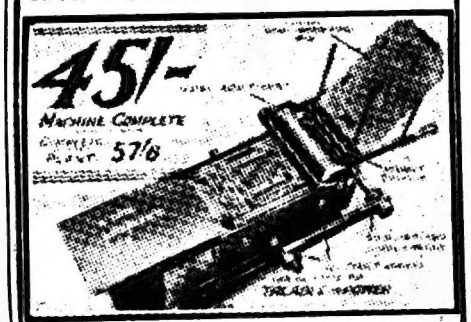
No more sore, tender, tired, aching and swollen feet. Weak arches, corns, callouses, blisters, or any other bad foot troubles soon go. The thick hardened skin of which corns and callouses are composed, contains no nerves or blood-vessels. In fact, the upper layers are dead. It is not the top that causes such pain. It is the little pointed part which extends down into the toe and presses on sensitive nerves. Cutting the top off or burning it off with caustic liquids and plaster is wasting time and is dangerous. Instead of such temporary expedients, soak your feet in the "Saltrates" water, prepared by dissolving a handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates in a gallon of hot water. This will dissolve the oil and sebaceous matter from hardened, caloused, and "corny" skin, leaving it so soft that corns are easily picked out, root and all.

1/6 REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

ADANA AUTOMATIC SELF-INKING

PRINTING MACHINE

NEW ALL-STEEL SUPER-MODEL



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at a really commercial speed, including Perforating, Creasing, and Box-making. Only the finest materials are used in its construction. Simplicity to the extreme, no special skill required. Large numbers of boys are producing their school and scout magazines. Real Printer's metal type, case, complete accessories and excellently illustrated instruction book are included in the above quoted prices. Illustrated particulars in two colours and samples of work will be sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope. Also sold by small weekly instalments. Ask for terms.

Change your old machine for this Super-Model and turn out a Better Job in a quarter of the time. This Model is designed for Commercial Use in all large and small Printing Establishments.

THE ADANA AGENCY is a complete organisation for the supply of Printing Office Equipment of every description for the small working Printer and Business House Printing Department. Worked and controlled by some of the most highly skilled and long experienced men of the Printing world, who as a whole have expert technical knowledge of every part of Letterpress Printing. Being General Printers ourselves and making our own machinery places us in the unique position to give a service which is unequalled elsewhere.

(DEPT. JU/1), 17, CHURCH STREET, TWICKENHAM.

TWO FIRSTS OF £1,000

TWIN FIRST PRIZE

BULLETS' TWIN

£100 £25

10 PRIZES OF £5

100 PRIZES OF £1

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 647.

FIRST PRIZE OF £400:

Miss M. R. GEORGE, "Shirley," Perry Hill, Catford, London, S.E.

Example:—A SHARPER
Bullet:—SWORD—WON'T CUT PRICES.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. J. NORRY, 12, Cable Street, New Cross, Manchester.

Example:—WHAT IS A DISAPPOINTMENT?
Bullet:—GOVERNMENT CAN'T DO *Possibilities*.
(Entered on a "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. A. E. PERKINS, 35, Merton Road, Liscard, Liverpool.

Example:—POOR BOY
Bullet:—BIRTH'S "ACCIDENT" WITHOUT "COMPENSATION."

25 Holiday Prizes of £10:

H. BANCROFT, Milford, near Stafford.
ON SUNDAY—ON KNEES—PREPARING PICNIC.

F. BEDFORD, 31, Arthur Street, Southampton.
GATHERING FRUIT—FROM ADVERSITY'S "THISTLES" - WISDOM.

Mrs. R. CAMERON, High Street, Lasswade, Midlothian.
IN TIME—AMERICA "IN NO TIME."

Mrs. R. CARTER, 45, West End, Witney.
ON SUNDAY—NATURE'S "SERMON"—BIRDS, "CHOIR."

R. S. COSTON, 43, Hartland Road, Kilburn, N.W.
SEEN ON HOLIDAY—THE GREY *Clouds* RACING.

Mrs. M. DAVIES, H.M. Signal Station, Burntisland, Fife.
THE PRINCE'S HOLIDAY—"ROPING" HEARTS, EMPIRE'S "RODEO."

A. EATON, 9, Belfield Street, Ilkeston.
NOW WE'RE MARRIED—I'M SAVING FOR FUNERAL.

R. W. EDMANSON, 175, Spencer Place, Leeds.
AFTER THE FIRE—BLAMED CIGARETTE—SPORTED CIGAR.

R. H. EDWARDS, 33, St. George's Avenue, Newbury.
WATCHING THE BATHERS—DAD—MUMMY WATCHING PADDLERS.

A. ELDRIDGE, 97, King Street, Gillingham, Kent.
NOW WE'RE MARRIED—AND HAPPY—EVERYBODY ASTOUNDED.

T. H. EMERSON, 130, Stanley Road, Nottingham.
THROWING MONEY AWAY—BRITAIN KEEPING JERUSALEM GOLDEN.

R. FERGUSON, Park View, Lundin Links, Fife.
WHAT THE PAINTER SAID—"WIFE BEEN DRIVING, SIR?"

C. O. GREEN, 27, Rother Street, Brampton, Wombwell.
IN TIME—ARMIES ADVANCING *Above* CLOUDS.

C. HALL, 48, The Gardens, East Dulwich.
POOR BOY—ONLY POLICEMAN "PUSHES ON."

Mrs. S. A. HIDE, 4, Taddington Road, Eastbourne.
SEEN ON HOLIDAY—POLITICIANS—FORGETTING *Our* TROUBLES.

T. HOUSLEY, 61A, Normanton Road, Derby.
LIKE AN ELEPHANT—TAXATION TRAMPLING "TRADE HARVEST."

C. HOWELLS, Gladstone House, Nantymoel, Glam.
IN TIME—MANKIND ABOVE *War-clouds* ALSO.

Mrs. L. M. McLEES, 34, Freshfield Street, Brighton.
SCOTCH COMEDIAN—ENTERTAINING QUEUE OUTSIDE FIRST.

E. MOORE, 288, Sangley Road, Catford, S.E.
BABY'S WAY—"DISORDERLY" *Before* HIS DRINK.

G. OSWALD, Thistley Hall Farm, Southwick, Sunderland.
POOR BOY—"SILVER SPOON" HELD MEDICINE.

J. PAYNTER, 16, North Street, Lostwithiel, Cornwall.
TOO OLD—THEN SHE *Adds* YEARS.

J. SUMMERS, 14, Kingsland Crescent, Barry Dock.
IN TIME—HEAVEN UNDERNEATH—HELL ABOVE.

Mrs. F. WELLS, 88, Lake Road, Portsmouth.
TOO OLD—MANY DECIDE TOO YOUNG.

W. WILSON, 22, Havelock Street, South Shields.
THE PRINCE'S HOLIDAY—*Left* HAND WAVES FAREWELL.

A. C. WYLIE, 52, Midton Street, Springburn, Glasgow.
WHAT IS A DISAPPOINTMENT?—WATCHING GUN-CARRIAGES PASSING CENOTAPH.

50 Holiday Prizes of £5:

Mrs. V. Abbot, 44, Melton Rd., Wealdstone.
L. Abbott, 23c, Grand Parade, Harringay, N.
S. Aldridge, 181, Addycombe Terrace, Newcastle.
S. Allen, 7, Adderley Rd., Saltley, Birmingham.
G. Amie, 82, Beauchamp Rd., W. Molesey, Surrey.
F. Barham, 32, Thetis Rd., Cowes, I.o.W.
C. Batt, 35, Duncan Rd., Southsea.
J. E. Beardson, 103, Church Lane, Old Charlton.
Mrs. Brindley, Wode Avenue, Littleover, Derby.
Mrs. C. Brown, Icklingham, Suffolk.
Mrs. C. M. Carr, 17, Hollins Rd., Harrogate.
Miss L. Clark, 18, Henry St., Ross, Herefordshire.
Mrs. Coombes, 38, Ellerly Grove, Southcoates, Hull.
A. Dibo, 7, Field St., Holderness Rd., Hull.
P. Ennis, 5, Main St., Baldoyle, Co. Dublin.
W. J. Fisher, Cherryvale, Raven Hill Rd., Belfast.
G. Frost, Heath Lodge, Newmarket.
W. Gale, Acreman St., Sherborne, Dorset.
M. Gent, 45, Cunliffe St., Chorley, Lancs.
E. Griffiths, 4, Bank Bldgs., High St., Shanklin.
Mrs. G. L. Haley, 16, Alma Square, Scarborough.
H. Harper, 10, Wimbourne Rd., Radford, Nottingham.
J. Heaney, Green Man, Shefford, Beds.
J. Joy, 26, Chatsworth St., Keighley, Yorks.
J. J. Kentsbeer, 7, Victoria Rd. North, Southsea.
J. G. Lomax, 22, Bicknell St., Blackburn.
E. Macfarlane, 267, Hamlet Court Rd., Westcliff.
S. Marno, 43, Keighley Rd., Ovenden, Halifax.
J. L. Marsh, 1, Tower St., Dover.
E. Morley, 37, Inwood Crescent, Preston, Brighton.
R. Mummery, 27, Dover Rd., Folkestone, Kent.
J. Neal, 5, Ramsbottom St., Accrington.
F. Partridge, 11, Poulter Rd., Aintree, Liverpool.
K. Patterson, North Rd., Midsomer Norton.
A. Pemberton, 4, Poole Rd., Egremont, Ches.
C. L. Pix, 5, Richmond Villas, Rye, Sussex.
W. Poulter, 8, Cowleaze Rd., Kingston-on-Thames.
Miss O. Rawlingson, 30, Binfield Rd., London, S.W.
J. Richardson, 54, High St., Lanark.
Mrs. J. R. Robertson, 65, Kerr St., Glasgow.
J. Rushworth, 3, Bredbury St., Chadderton, Oldham.
W. B. Smith, Easter Kellie, Pittenweem, Fife.
J. D. Stewart, 6, Wellesley Rd., Harrow.
P. Waddell, The Furlongs, Belbroughton, Stourbridge.
J. W. Watson, Grammar School, Watford.
C. Wetherell, 15, Oak St., South Bank, Yorks.
Mrs. A. Whittaker, 57, Hammersley St., Hanley.
L. D. Williams, 12, Southbrook Rd., Lee, S.E.
L. Wilson, 76, Hatfield Rd., Bedford Park, W.
Mrs. Winder, 26, Shaw Heath, Stockport.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 651.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED	FOR HER MONEY
MOTHER KNOWS	NOT DONE
WITHOUT A FUSS	AUTOMATICALLY
ON WASHING-DAY	A BAD TIME
AFTER THE BURGLARS	A SIN
A SCREAM	DOES ME GOOD
RICH	EVERYBODY'S SAYING
FIRST TRY	HEARTBREAKING
POPULAR	A DIFFERENT STORY
	CATCHING IT

WHAT IS PETROL?

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on page 35, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **651** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed to "Bullets" No. **651,** JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.). Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. **650.**

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £10 will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the two £1,000 "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 650 have purchased their copies of "John Bull," and for £2 and £2 respectively to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the Second and Third prizes have purchased their copies.

A Complete List of 200 5/-, and 500 2/6 Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

£1,000 EACH!

£1,000

TWIN FIRST PRIZE

RECORD OFFER

£10 EXTRA

10 PRIZES OF £10

200 PRIZES OF £5

1200 TARGET PRIZES

How to Make "Bullets."

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent £1,000 Prize-winners were :—

Example :—HER HEART
Bullet :—OF GOLD—MY FORTUNE.

Example :—THE SLUMS
Bullet :—OWNERS "RUN" WITHOUT "ENTERING."

Example :—HOUSE HUNTING
Bullet :—LOVERS "LOSING HEART" AGAIN.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Examples for "Bullets" No. 650.

CLERK OF THE WEATHER
SPOILT MY HOLIDAY
PROSPERITY'S DAWN
LUCKILY
SHOWED SHE LOVED HIM
WITHOUT MOTHER
A REAL HERO
GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR
WHY HE LOVED HER
PEACE BABY
SAYING A LOT
CHEEK
SAD TO SAY
FATHER'S JOB
GIVES ME A HEADACHE
HER FUTURE
HEIGHT OF FASHION
SHE FANCIES
FRIEND OR FOE
MY FATE
HEARD THROUGH THE KEYHOLE
WILLING HANDS
MENDING THE ROAD
FACE OF THE EARTH
IN AND OUT
WORTH REMEMBERING
ENCOURAGING
UNTYING THE KNOT
WHAT THE PIG SAID
BUSY DAY
WITH A YAWN
SONNY'S AMBITION
BEATS ME
BUYING THE RING
BEAUTIFUL
HOMELESS
RULING US
WHY SHE LEFT
TOO LONG
WHAT IS TROUBLE?

Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 650, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 22.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(650) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 22.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(650) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 22.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(650) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 22.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(650) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Further "Bullets" may be entered on plain paper.

GOLDEN STICK 1/3
SILVER STICK 1/-
(U.K. only)

Specially Made to Soften Beards

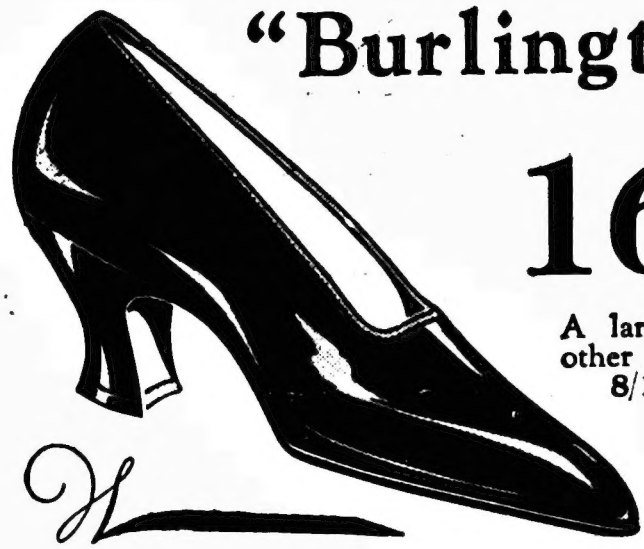
by Pears

A stick of good shaving soap rubbed directly on to your face softens your stubble immediately and gives you a quick shave without after effects.

PS3 20-84

"Burlington" Regd.

16/9



A large range of other styles from 8/11—21/-!

Early Autumn Styles

Really comfortable walking shoes *can* be dainty and attractive. You will find at any F.H.W. shop plenty of smart, good-looking shoes that feel much like old friends from the first step.

Fifty years' reputation is your guarantee of good quality—and the prices are lower than elsewhere.

ORDER BY POST

Simply state size and send a pencil outline of your foot, with remittance. (Foreign orders must include enough for postage.) We send goods post free in U.K., *and guarantee to satisfy you.* Send postcard for F.H.W. Catalogue, which shows scores of styles.

Freeman, Hardy & Willis Ltd.
106, Rutland Street, Leicester

CAPSTAN'S OTHER NAME IS QUALITY

WILLS'S

CAPSTAN

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d

C.C.7L

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